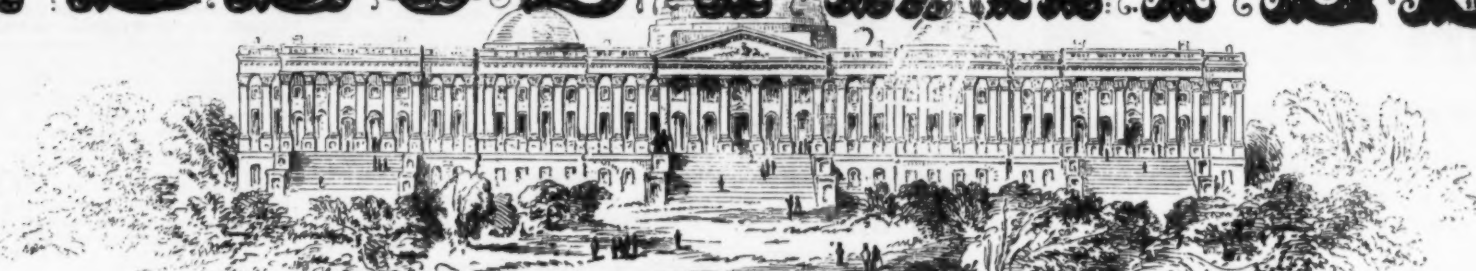


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 418—Vol. XVII.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Bombardment of Fort Moultrie.

THE bombardment of Fort Moultrie and the batteries on Sullivan's Island, on the 7th and 8th of Sept., was of the most determined and vigorous character, the Ironsides devoting herself to the fort, while the monitors, four of them only—the steering apparatus of the Passaic being out of order—paid their respects to batteries Bee and Beauregard. The damage done to the fort must have been considerable, as the armament of the Ironsides is very heavy and her firing excellent. Battery Bee is said to be breached. The fire on Sullivan's Island, caused by our shells, spread so much as to consume five or six houses in Moultrieville.

Our Artist gives a striking sketch, as viewed from a favorable point. Moultrie House is seen on the extreme right, and next to it Moultrieville on fire, the dark smoke of the burning houses contrasting with the white puffs of smoke from the cannon thundering along the whole line. Behind the gallant Ironsides is Fort Moultrie. The rebel battery to the ex-

treme left is Battery Bee, and, nearly in front of it, the second in the line of monitors is the staunch Weehawken aground. A striking feature in this picture is the effect of the ricochet shot knocking up a series of jets d'eau.

Explosion of the Magazine in Fort Moultrie.

During the bombardment on the afternoon of the 7th, the monitor Weehawken got aground opposite Fort Moultrie, between that fort and Sumter, and for hours sustained the fire of the fort and other rebel batteries; but their balls, which crashed through and through the ill-fated Keokuk, rattled harmlessly from the turret of the Weehawken. The efforts made to get her off proved ineffectual, and as the tide ran out she began to expose her hull. The Ironsides then ran up to cover and protect her till she finally got off. She was not injured, but contrived while in her exposed condition to do serious damage to Fort Moultrie, one of her shells passing into a magazine at Moultrie about nine o'clock on the morning of the 8th, causing it to explode with a terrific noise. A dense volume of smoke burst from the interior of the fort,

amid which the bursting of shells could be heard and seen. Our Artist, who witnessed the explosion, has given us a fine sketch of the grand sight. Seventeen of the rebels were killed, as their papers admit, and probably many more.

Removing the Pike Frieze.

Capt. Walker, Co. I, 1st New York Engineers, has been one of the most active officers in pushing the siege works on Morris Island, running his sap through every danger to the crest of the fort. Our Artist represents him removing the deadly *chevaux de frise* of pikes with which the rebels had surrounded Fort Wagner. These pikes had a long iron head with a hook, and were not unlike those which John Brown had prepared for the use of the negroes of Virginia.

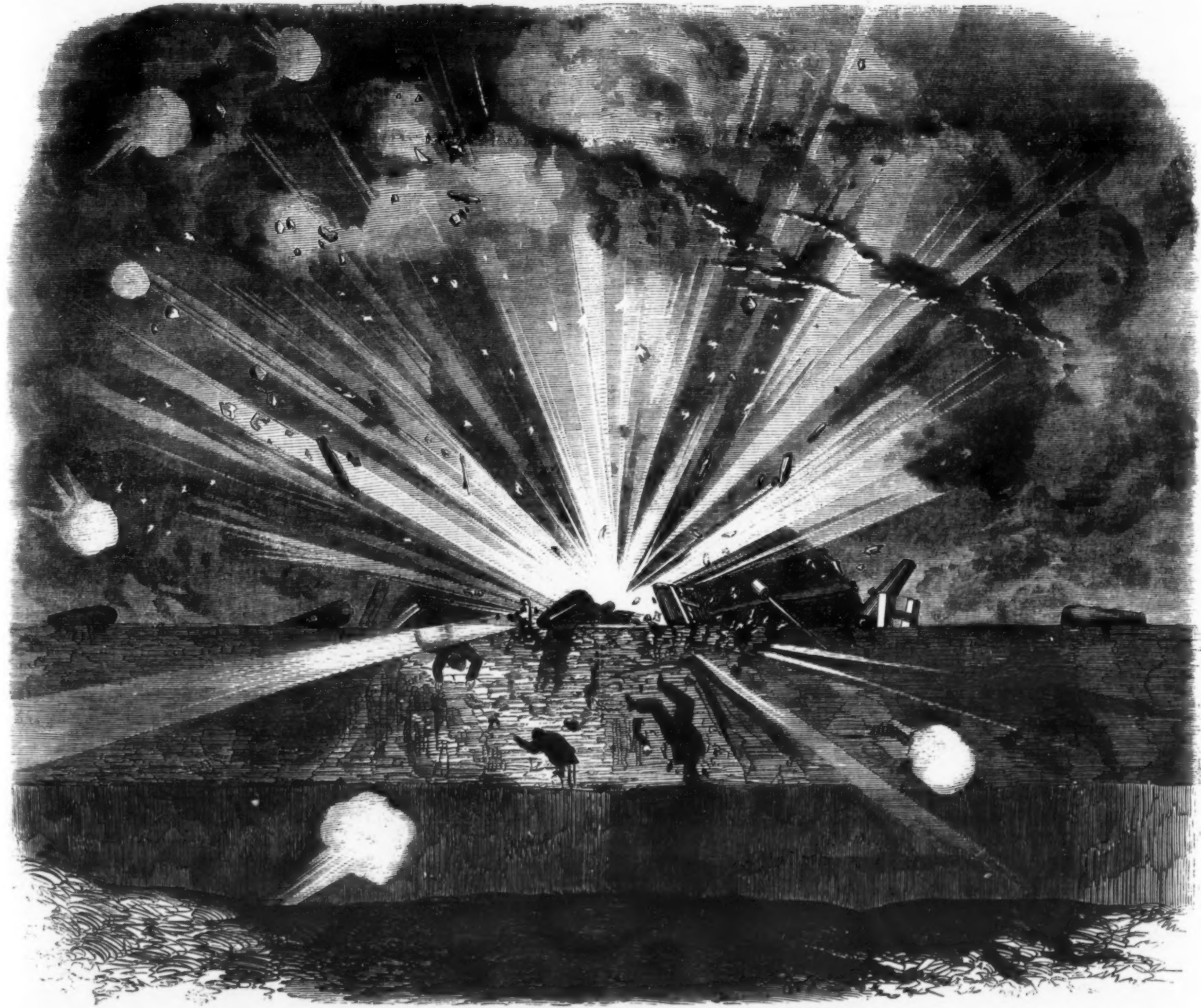
Interior of Fort Gregg.

In our last we gave several interesting views of the interior of Fort Wagner, which had so long resisted our arms. We now show an interior view of Fort Gregg, looking towards Fort Wagner. Battery or Fort Gregg is the old Cumming's Point Battery, and

the iron protection in use during the rebel attack on Sumter now forms part of the magazine. Things are changed since 1861, as we are now battering Sumter from Cumming's Point instead of being bombarded from it.

Rebel Torpedoes.

We illustrate in this paper the new style of rebel torpedo, used by them in the water and in the sand. On the water two are joined by a long rope and float till it strikes the bow of the vessel, when the water carries the torpedoes one to each side, and in a short time the percussion cap strikes on the vessel and explodes. On land they were buried in the sand, and a board placed so that pressure should explode one or sometimes several. In one case one of our negro soldiers killed in action or dying in their hands was stripped naked and his body laid outside of Wagner, in hopes that our chivalrous soldiers would seek to give it Christian burial. It was, however, so laid that an attempt to lift it would explode a torpedo and kill all around. In our view in front of Wagner last week this feature was seen, and we now give the torpedo used.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE MAGAZINE OF FORT MOULTRIE EXPLODED BY A SHELL FROM THE GROUND MONITOR WEEHAWKEN, SEPT. 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

On the 13th Gen. Pleasanton, with Gens. Buford, Kilpatrick and Gregg, crossed the Rappahannock and reached the Rapidan, routed Stuart's cavalry from point to point, driving them through and beyond Culpeper, capturing 100 prisoners and three pieces of artillery, besides ordnance stores. Buford pushed on beyond Cedar mountain.

Lee is supposed to be at Gordonsville, but there is no reliable intelligence as to the condition of his army.

On the 14th Pleasanton encountered a large force of infantry at Raccoon ford.

Lee's army is said to be reduced to 60,000, and falling back to Richmond. Meade's cavalry are advancing on the Rapidan.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebels had prepared to blow up Forts Wagner and Gregg before we entered; but our troops entered in time to prevent explosion.

Gen. Gillmore is erecting new batteries on Morris island, under a heavy fire from Forts Moultrie and Johnson.

The boat attack on Sumter failed from the men finding a wall ten feet high where they had expected to see a mass of ruins up which they could climb. They were attacked with hand grenades and a rebel rain, which fired grape into their boats.

On the 14th a rebel magazine exploded on James island, killing a lieutenant and six men.

On the 15th the magazine of a rebel battery on Sand point, near Fort Johnson, exploded with terrific violence, destroying the battery, guns, &c.

GEORGIA.

In a skirmish near Dalton, on the 11th, the rebel Gen. Forrest was wounded, and on the same day Gen. Wheeler routed a rebel force at Lafayette.

A. P. Hill and Longstreet joined Bragg, trusting to the usual co-operation of the War Department that Lee should not be molested during their absence, and on the 19th, at 9 A. M., the rebel army under Hill, Polk, Longstreet and Johnson attacked Gen. Rosecrans near Chattanooga, assailing his left under Gen. Thomas with great fury. After a desperate conflict, in which ground was gained and lost, Thomas, aided by McCook and Crittenden, drove his assailants back. At 2 o'clock the enemy dashed on the centre, composed of Reynolds's and Van Cleve's divisions. These at last gave way, but the ground was recovered by Thomas and Davis. The battle, almost entirely a musketry engagement, ended at 6 P. M. The engagement was apparently renewed on Sunday, when Rosecrans was finally driven back to Chattanooga.

ALABAMA.

There have been serious bread riots at Mobile, led on by the starving wives of soldiers.

MISSISSIPPI.

The rebel guerrillas are very active on the banks of the Mississippi, under Roddy, Chalmers and Richardson.

TEXAS.

The rebel force at Galveston is 3,000, poorly fed, and they are employing negroes to erect earthworks around the city. The fortifications consist of heavy timber, railroad iron and earth.

General Franklin with his corps left New Orleans on the 4th to occupy Sabine Pass, which was in our possession about a year ago, and accordingly well known. Instead, however, of sending ironclads to reduce the rebel works, an old Staten Island ferry boat, the Clifton, and a canal boat, the Sachem, made the attack and both were disabled, the officers, crews and armament passing to the hands of the rebels. Franklin then returned to New Orleans.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebel forces in front of our positions have been increased by perhaps temporary detachments of large bodies en route to South Carolina and Georgia.

KANSAS.

Gen. Blunt is at Fort Gibson, having, after a march of 250 miles in nine days, fought two battles, and cleared 100,000 miles of rebel territory. A force of 17,000 rebels under Price is near Little Rock.

ARKANSAS.

Col. Cloud, 2d Kansas cavalry, attacked the enemy's cavalry, near Fort Smith, killing and wounding 20 and taking 40 prisoners.

Little Rock was occupied on the 10th by Gen. Steele.

MINNESOTA.

Gen. Sully surprised 400 Sioux lodges, about 200 miles above Fort Pierre, and killed 150, capturing many prisoners and all their supplies.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Monroe Doctrine.

If we are to judge by the tone of the French press, the Government of Louis Napoleon means to utterly ignore the Monroe doctrine, to which even England in a measure subscribed by her relinquishment of Tigre island, and other places seized by her on the Mosquito coast; for if she were not influenced by it, to what are we to attribute so unusual a proceeding as her loosening her grip upon "real estate," whether represented by a rock or a sandbank?

The French Emperor, evidently anticipating some communication from our epistolary Premier on the subject of Mexico, and thinking possibly to bluff off the unwelcome message, has given the cue to the Parisian press to air certain notions about it. For example, the *Constitutionnel* of September 5 says that Mr. Seward's reasoning is based on confusion of ideas—that he must first explain how it is that what has made the United States prosper has brought Mexico to ruin; that he must prove that the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races are the same, and that what agrees with one must agree with another, which is absurd. It asserts that the United States has no more right to dictate the continuation of the republican form of government to the Mexicans than the Mexicans have to insist upon the Americans adopting a monarchical régime. It concludes by saying that as the United States agrees very well with the Empire of Brazil, so they will with the Empire of Mexico.The *Pays* is even more pronounced. After denying the rumor that the Government of Washington had protested against the French occupation of Mexico, it says that it is sufficiently occupied in putting down the Confederates. In addition it argues that the question is for Mexico to decide, and not the United States. It winds up in these words:

"In reality, therefore, the United States Cabinet has made no protest to the Emperor's Government against what is taking place in Mexico. The part which France is acting there is perfectly regular. What the Mexican nation is doing is conformable to its right as an independent State. A protest from the United States would, therefore, have had no grounds for existence, and there are no reasons for supposing that that Government thinks otherwise itself."

We are afraid that we shall have considerable trouble with our French friend; but we do not doubt we shall have the usual Anglo-Saxon luck over the Latin race, and that we shall finally Waterlooise him into a rational frame of mind.

Foolish Launderesses.

THE first Napoleon had a favorite simile, which he always applied to the domestic squabbles of a nation. Is it necessary to add that he recommends "all family washing to be done at home?" This advice, at once so prudent and patriotic, has never found favor with the journalists of England and America. And, strange enough, they always select the periods of their greatest perils to call the attention of the world to their national shortcomings and evils. During the Crimean war the London *Times* endangered the throne, lowered the national prestige, and finally overthrew one ministry by its terrible exposures of official imbecility and roguery. That the effect was ultimately beneficial is perhaps true, but most assuredly the effect upon the public mind of the world was detrimental to the British name. In like manner our press is now employed in washing our family linen in the face of the world, for the partisans of one prominent statesman try to blacken the character of another by accusing him of ambitious aspirations for the Presidential nomination, to which every other consideration, they loudly proclaim, is sacrificed! If we were to credit the hostile criticisms of the press, we should be forced to believe that all our public men, from President down to Poundkeeper, were intriguing politicians, reckless of their country's welfare, and not the patriot statesmen, which, despite all to the contrary, we hope they will ultimately prove to be.

The Rival Percys.

SINCE Falstaff killed Percy at the battle of Shrewsbury, or said to did—and as everybody knows Sir John's word was as good as his bond, both, in fact, being of equal value—the bearers of that redoubtable name have always made a noise in the world; and when to it is added the peppery name of Wyndham, squalls may naturally be expected. For over a year we have all of us been familiar with the gallant exploits of a foreign volunteer, who calls himself Sir Percy Wyndham, but whose right to bear that doubly distilled romantic name is now questioned by a gentleman of a remarkably muddy state of mind, if his epistle is a fair sample of that commodity, who also calls himself Percy S. Wyndham, M.P., which here stands for Member of Police, but which we are confidentially informed by a fallblown cockney means, in England, Member of Parliament. The Percy Wyndham, M.P., says he is the real genuine original Jacobs, and that he is the only real genuine original Jacobs living. This is, certainly, a bold assertion. That there should not be another of the same name seems very remarkable, and leads us to doubt the existence of two John Smiths. The M. P. P. W. writes as though he were an injured man that there should be another person who has the audacity to be called by the same name! The close of P. W. M. P.'s epistle states that "he is a strong Union man, and has done all he can to counteract the infamous conduct of the British Ministers." This enables us to explain the matter and settle the question: The Percy Wyndham now in the Union army is the Percy Wyndham, M.P.'s substitute, and has acted so valiantly as to confer honor on a name which never would have been heard of beyond cockneydom but for the adventurous Colonel of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry.

The Cotton Famine.

WE hear less now of the cotton famine and of the 200,000 English operatives supported by charity; but there is a curious feature in the whole affair that is very remarkable. The stoppage in the supply of cotton does not create a dearth among consumers, but among the manufacturers. The consumption of cotton goods has not been sensibly diminished, both sexes wear about as much cotton goods as before, linen has not come into more general use, nor has wool taken the place of the Southern staple. The real fact is that England had been manufacturing too much cotton goods, and, had peace continued in this country, a few years would have produced the same result in England that we now perceive. This fact is patent, and yet English writers close their eyes to it. It is, and ever will be, dangerous beyond all peradventure to have over a quarter of a million of the population dependent on the manufacture of one article of foreign growth. They must employ a large mass of this population in other fields of labor. When the race of small farmers was extinguished gradually to make the population factory hands, the final result was inevitable, and many a warning voice was raised. Now we see the fatal consequence; but English statesmen look as the only cure to a large supply of cotton. This will not be a cure, but simply an anodyne, lulling the patient while the disease gains strength.

The hope now is that the cotton on its way to market will give four and a half days' work next year to English mills, and English Secessionists are praying for Union triumphs and cotton. They even indulge the hope that by 1865 or 1866 "the whole of Lancashire may be at full work without a bale of cotton being received from America." Here will be the rock. When cotton becomes plentiful the price will fall, many plantations that pay only under the present high prices of the produce will be put to other uses, and cotton be raised only where it can be most profitably, and they will thus be made again dependent on this country.

Like their own Kings, they never learn by experience, and will then doubtless rush again into over-manufacturing, and be just as ready as ever to fan discontent in this country, in hopes of making a few hundred pounds by privateers and blockade-runners, even if they have to support a quarter of a million extra of paupers.

India is a vast rich dependence of England, and she would find it far cheaper to send out 100,000 of these operatives and colonize them there, furnishing them for three years with supplies and necessary implements to cultivate the land. She might thus indeed make them raise cotton for those left in England to spin.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The quota of Newark, N. J., is filled, and consequently there will be no draft in that city.

Three Rhode Island Quaker conscripts, who refused to "fight, pay or emigrate," have been sent to Fort Columbus, in this harbor, to be tried by court-martial as deserters.

The President has issued a Proclamation suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in all cases where, by the authority of the President, military, naval and civil officers of the United States, or any of them, hold persons under their command or in their custody, either as prisoners of war, spies or aiders or abettors of the enemy, or officers, soldiers or seamen enrolled, drafted, mustered or enlisted in the land or naval forces of the United States, or deserters therefrom, or otherwise amenable to military law, etc. The authority of all civil courts in these cases is thus set aside, and military rule placed above it; and the Proclamation of the President is declared to be continued in force throughout the duration of the war, or until Mr. Lincoln shall see fit to revoke it.

Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Bink's, Gen. Dix and a distinguished party visited the Russian frigate, now lying off the Battery, New York, on the 16th Sept. They were received with the usual courtesy of that diplomatic people, and as all the officers spoke English very well, the cold collation went off admirably, our republican queen winning all hearts by her naturally dignified and unaffected kindness. The discipline on board is à l'Anglais, the utmost silence and respect to their officers being maintained by the men. The engineers are Scotch and English.

A fire broke out in the Philadelphia Dockyard on the 15th Sept., which did immense damage. It is supposed to have been the work of incendiaries. It certainly has an ugly look that the fire-engines were not allowed to enter the Navy Yard till nearly an hour had elapsed after the fire had broken out. At one time there was every prospect of a conflict between the red-tapists and the firemen.

The Swiss celebrated their Schutzenfest at Jones's Wood last week. It was attended by large crowds of men, women and children of all nationalities. Everything passed off admirably.

Secretary Chase has perfected his printing arrangements, and hereafter will be able to deliver to subscribers the bonds of the 5-20 loan the day after the subscription has been received.

The City Inspector's report states that there were 487 deaths in the city during the past week, a decrease of 78 as compared with the previous week, a still further decrease of 136 from the mortality of the week preceding, and 42 less than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation

table gives 7 deaths of alcoholism; 2 of disease of the lungs, joints, etc.; 3 of the brain and nerves; 5 of the digestive organs; 14 of the heart and blood-vessels; 118 of the lungs, throat, etc.; 9 of old age; 1 of disease of the skin and eruptive fevers; 4 premature births; 176 of diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs; 36 of uroteric and renal general fevers; 5 diseases of the urinary organs; and 21 from violent causes. There were 322 natives of the United States, 101 of Ireland, 30 of Germany, 16 of England, 5 of Scotland, and the balance of various foreign countries.

The State Fair was held during the past week at Utica. It was well attended, 40,000 visitors being present on the 17th Sept., the grand day. Patchen and Clay had a match, which was won by Clay.

The following important notice has been issued by the Post Office: "The maximum weight of packages which may be sent through the mails is limited to four pounds, except Congressional documents and books published or purchased by order of Congress. It was not the intention of the law to prescribe a smaller limit to franked packages to or from any of the Executive Departments or Bureaus, as that would exclude from the mails a large portion of the official correspondence of the Government. The limitation of packages to four ounces, in the 42d section of the law, was intended to enlarge the privileges of members of Congress, theretofore limited to two ounces, and the omission in the printed law of the words 'to Senators and members of Congress,' as in the original bill, after the word 'granted,' in the last sentence of that section, leads to an erroneous construction of the true intent and meaning of the law. The Postmaster General, therefore, directs that all packages, otherwise entitled to go free to and from the several Executive Departments and Bureaus at Washington, and not exceeding four pounds in weight, be allowed free transmission through the mails."

The National Horse Fair was held at the Fashion Racecourse on the 10th Sept. It was a very poor affair, there not being above 1,000 persons present.

The following will give an idea of what a failure the Conscription bill has been: In the Fifth Congressional District of Massachusetts 1,852 men were called for, of which number the Government received only 309 men and \$101,400 as follows:

Accepted	64
Substitutes	245
Paid commutation	338

The Park Theatre has been opened in church-going Brooklyn. It promises to be a success. The manager is Gabriel Harrison.

Mayor Opdyke has recommended the Common Council to invite the officers of the Russian frigate to a grand entertainment as a mark of our esteem, and in commemoration of its being the first war vessel of that country that has ever visited New York.

Gen. Theodore Runyon was unanimously nominated by the Democratic City Convention, Sept. 17, for Mayor of Newark, N. J., the present incumbent, the Hon. Moses Bigelow, having declined a renomination. The Republican-Union nomination has not yet been made.

The case of Col. Geo. W. Jones against Secretary William H. Seward—an action for false imprisonment in Fort Lafayette—is on the calendar of the Supreme Court, and set down for Sept. 22. Messrs. James T. Brady and W. C. Traphagen appear as counsel for the Government, i. e., the United States defend the action of the Secretary of State. Messrs. John McKeon, Frederick Smyth and E. R. Meade (a relative of the General) are counsel for the incarcerated Colonel.

Western.—The people of Chicago are busily engaged in discussing the construction of a tunnel under Lake Michigan for the purpose of securing a supply of better water. The proposed tunnel will be two miles in length, extending from the shore directly under the lake, perpendicularly to the shore. It is to be five feet clear in diameter, walled with brick and cement eight inches thick. The bottom of the shore end of the tunnel to be 66 feet below the level of the lake, and to descend at the rate of one foot a mile to the further end. The bids for this wonderful piece of engineering range from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000. It is to be completed in two years.

A steamer sailed from San Francisco for the southern coast on the 10th, completely loaded with passengers and freight for the mines lately discovered 150 miles east of the Colorado river, now called the San Francisco mining district. The excitement in the southern part of the State concerning this new district is very great, and crowds are flocking in that direction.

Party feeling runs high in Ohio, and political meetings seem like half-battles. Men go to them armed as to a fray, and bloodshed often occurs. The Republicans and Democrats were never before so intolerant of each other, and old friends and neighbors of opposite politics no longer speak to each other when they meet on the streets and highways.

The Pacific Railroad is fairly under way. On the 14th cars ran from San Francisco to within 17 miles of San Jose; 25 miles will be in order for passenger cars within a month. The balance of the road to San Jose will be completed by January.

In addition to the rolling stock captured at Knoxville, Tenn., several heavily-laden freight trains have since been taken by our forces near Morris-town.

A St. Paul, Minnesota, correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "It is an erroneous impression to suppose that Gen. Sibley, in driving the Indians across the Missouri, conquered them or even intimidated their making attacks on the whites. A few days after their hasty flight across the river, a party of 24 miners, who were returning home from the Idaho gold mines on flatboats, were attacked by the savages. They fought desperately and bravely, but the unequal contest was unavailing, and every man fell a victim to the savage foe. That they sold their lives dearly is attested by the fact that 30 Sioux warriors died during the contest. There was one woman and child with the party; the former was killed and the latter taken prisoner. No white man lives to tell the tale, and the news is derived from half-breed scouts, who conveyed it to Gen. Sibley's returning expedition. It is to the gold mines, and not to the Indians, that the country will be relieved of their presence."

Illinois having furnished an excess of 1,000 volunteers over her quota, stands credited with that number on the next call. Indiana has also exceeded her quota by 8,000 under the present call. No draft will therefore take place in either of these States.

A few days since 24 guerrillas dashed into Charleston, Mo., early in the morning, and completely emptied two stores of their contents. They also took a safe out of another establishment, blew it open, and abstracted therefrom \$3,000 in greenbacks. Having obtained all they wanted, and fearing to remain longer lest they should be captured, the robbers left, taking with them the money and as many goods as they could carry.

The attempt to raise cotton in Southern Illinois has been a failure, in consequence of the early frost—it is not considered possible to raise cotton west of the Ohio.

Southern.—The Charleston *Mercury* bitterly denounces the conduct and character of the rebel President, accusing him of incompetency and favoritism; indeed, much in the same terms that the *World* and *Daily News* employ when speaking of Mr. Lincoln. The press of North Carolina is likewise divided between the reconstructionists and secessionists. The Richmond and Georgia papers are unanimous in favor of fighting the quarrel out to the bitter end. The Mobile press is evidently anxious about the safety of that city, and ostentatiously enumerates the admirable methods taken to defend it. But amid all this pretended security there is an unmistakable alarm too apparent to be overlooked. Mobile is doubtless well protected, and will not fall without a desperate

struggle. Great preparations are making in New Orleans to co-operate with an expedition said to be about sailing from New York to Texas. There was a report that Gen. Mansfield had been shot by one of his officers, but it needs confirmation. The Richmond *Dispatch* makes the following liberal remarks about an alliance between Russia and the United States: "There have been for some weeks continual rumors of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between these potentates. We know not what truth there may be in these rumors, but if identity of position and congeniality of taste be in any wise promotive of such alliance as that in question, we should regard it as the most probable thing in the world. Alexander, with all the pomp and circumstances of boundless power, is but a splendid semi-barbarian after all. Abraham has had no opportunity to become civilized, having spent the best part of his life among flat boatmen, or splitting rails and drinking whiskey on shore."

A dispatch from Memphis says that a fearful riot occurred in Mobile on the 4th inst. A party of soldiers' wives, to the number of 600, paraded the city with exciting mottoes on their banners, such as "Bread or Peace." The soldiers offered no opposition to the display, but in some instances the citizens attempted to arrest the progress of the procession. Intense excitement prevailed.

Military.—We have dates from New Orleans to the 29th ult., by the steamship George Washington. Information was received at New Orleans on the 27th that the rebels in the Attakapas county had crossed Grand Lake to the number of 8,000. It was not known what their designs were, but it was thought that a descent upon Brashear city, for the purpose of obtaining supplies, of which they stand in much need, was the principal object of the sudden movement.

A gentleman at Vicksburg writes a private letter to the St. Louis *News*, to the effect that the negro regiments, now in process of organization down the river, are being filled up very rapidly. He thinks about 50 of these regiments will be ready for service by the 1st of October. He gives it as his opinion, formed from what he has seen of these sable soldiers, and the spirit with which they enlist, that they will be a very efficient element in the service.

We copy from the *Tribune* the following paragraph for the purpose of calling still more earnestly the attention of the public to the "infamy of a fact" which is there termed unavoidable, viz: that it takes a year to adjust the account of a dead soldier, leaving his widow and children to starve during that time: "Col. L. D. H. Currie of the 133d Regiment N.Y.S.V. (2d Metropolitan Regiment), who was wounded at Fort Hudson, during his sojourn in New York, has had his sympathy aroused by the necessitous condition of the women whose husbands belonging to his regiment have fallen in defence of the country's flag. The unavoidable delay at Washington in adjusting the claims of these widows to back pay and bounty nearly a year being necessary, makes such cases peculiarly distressing, especially when it is considered that the rules of the Public Relief Committee render it imperative upon them to withhold the relief when the soldier is no longer in the service. The Colonel has contributed \$250 to be expended when \$1,000 shall be contributed, and an additional like amount when \$2,000 shall be raised by the friends of the regiment, to be disbursed by Mr. D. B. Hasbrouck, Acting Chief Clerk of the Police Commissioners, who is familiar with the merits and necessities of each case."

Naval.—A very exciting scene occurred at the Navy Office, Brooklyn, on the 18th, when over 200 sailors, recently discharged from the Brooklyn, marched opposite the Lyceum, and demanded their pay. As usual, there was neither money nor apology nor explanation. After considerable parleying, Capt. Meade, of the North Carolina, addressed the brave tars, and promised that they should receive half their wages next day.

Orders have been received by the officers superintending the construction of the ironclad vessels Puritan and Dictator, at this port, to have them finished as soon as circumstances will permit. The Onondaga, the Quintard battery, now at Greenpoint, is also to be hurried up with all convenient speed, and the four Navy Yard ironclads are to be put in readiness for service without delay. Rumors in naval circles say that a whole fleet of ocean ironclads is to be completed at the different shipyards immediately.

The schooner Robert Knowles, Capt. Dutton, arrived at Washington the other day as a prize, having been captured by the Potomac flotilla off Cockpit Point, Va., for violating the blockade. She had cleared from Alexandria for Lewes, Del. It is important for shippers to know that vessels under the present regulations, although clearing from Alexandria to another loyal port, cannot land on the Virginia shore, as in the above case, without violating the blockade, unless a special permit has been granted for that purpose.

Personal.—Some of the prominent citizens of Philadelphia have recently tendered a public dinner to Admiral Dupont, which honor he has declined in a very characteristic letter.

Alex. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebels, has gone to Paris on a special mission, which, of course, is known only to the rebel Government. He will not stop in England, he being bound to work upon French jealousy of perfidious England.

Major Lincoln, of Boston, Col. Lincoln and Gen. Cowden have visited New York, to present a stand of colors to the 1st Massachusetts regiment, now stationed on Riker's Island, in charge of the drafted men. This splendid regiment will not be able to visit their homes till this cruel war is over.

A Mr. McMeister is stamping the State of Ohio for Vallandigham.

Miss Anna Dickinson, the well-known female lecturer, is starting in Pennsylvania.

Miss Antonia Ford, who betrayed Gen. Stoughton into the hands of the rebels last spring, has been arrested in Washington on the charge of being a spy.

Judge John C. Underwood, erroneously reported to have been captured at Occoquan, is safe in Washington. His maidsake, John Underwood, is the unlucky prisoner.

A Percy S. Wyndham, M. P. of England, has written a letter to the New York *Herald*, solemnly asserting that he is the only person living entitled to bear the name of Percy Wyndham.

Senator Robert Toombs has published an address to the people of Georgia, in which he says "when everything is lost he will find an honorable death on the battlefield." He has said the same thing so often that no faith can be placed in his word.

F. L. Olmsted sailed for California on the 14th of September, to assume the position of manager for the mining company of the Mariposa estates, purchased of Gen. Fremont. He has left to New Yorkers an endearing and enduring monument of his genius in the Central Park.

The Detroit *Free Press* of the 10th inst. says that the health of Gen. Cass was improving, and he was considered out of danger. Gen. Cass is now 31 years old, having been born in 1782. In that year were also born John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren—all dead.

We learn from a San Francisco paper that President Lincoln was once a Catholic. According to this authority he was received, with his family, into the Catholic Church, in the year 1852, at La Salle, Ill. Rev. Father Raho, now pastor of a congregation at Los Angeles, California, administered to him the sacrament of baptism.

Obituary.—John Taylor, of Albany, the well-known brewer, died on Monday, the 14th of Sept.

Isaac Seymour, President of the North American Bank, died on Sunday, the 13th of Sept., while attending Divine service in Trinity Church, New York. He was formerly cashier and afterwards President of the Westchester County Bank of Peekskill, New York.

Count Chesborough, an American, who purchased a countship in Austria, died on Wednesday, the 10th of Sept. intestate. He leaves a fortune of over half a million of dollars.

The wife of Gen. Duff Green, died at Dalton, Georgia, 12th of July, aged 70.

Capt. W. L. Cannon of the 1st Delaware cavalry, son of Gov. Cannon, died on Tuesday, the 15th of August, at Belair, Maryland. His death was occasioned by fatigue and exposure incidental to his duties.

A letter to the New Orleans *Picayune*, dated Johnson's Island, July 25th, announces the death at that place of Capt. E. W. Fuller, formerly commandant of the Confederate gunboat Cotton, and afterwards of the Queen of the West. He was wounded and made prisoner at the time of the destruction of the latter vessel by the Federal gunboats on Grand Lake, some time in April last. He was removed from New Orleans in company with other prisoners, on the 2d of June, to Fort Delaware, thence to Johnson's Island on the 18th inst., when he died. His remains have been placed in a metallic burial case and interred in the cemetery on the island, whence he can be removed at any time his friends may wish to do so. It was previously reported that Capt. Fuller had made his escape with a number of prisoners, who seized the Maple Leaf and landed from her below Fort Monroe some weeks since.

Gen. Hindman's death is announced as having taken place in Richmond of congestive fever. He had been under arrest since last winter for his atrocious cruelties while commanding in Arkansas. He was born in Tennessee, served in Mexico as lieutenant in a Mississippi regiment, and was a member of Congress from Arkansas. He was a member of the Baltimore Democratic Convention that nominated Mr. Douglas in 1860. When the rebellion broke out he entered the Confederate service and rose to the rank of Major General. He at one time commanded in Arkansas and all rebeldom west of the Mississippi. He was charged with fraudulently obtaining \$1,000,000 from the banks of Memphis and other abuses of power, but seems to have been cleared by the Confederate Congress.

Robert W. McCleary, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, died on the 16th of Sept., aged 30 years, after only one day's sickness.

Col. Linus W. Stevens, long a resident of this city, died on Thursday, at Stamford, Conn., where he resided for some months. Col. Stevens formerly commanded the 7th regiment (National Guard), in which he was greatly esteemed by his fellow soldiers. Until his removal from this city he was in the firm of Williams & Stevens, in Broadway.

Hon. Richard Brodhead died at Easton, Pa. The deceased has for many years taken a prominent part in public affairs in Pennsylvania, having represented Northampton county in the Legislature three years, the Easton district in Congress six years, and Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States six years.

The death of Gen. Sam Houston is again reported. The Richmond *Whig* says that he died on the 25th of July at his residence in Huntersville, Texas. He was 70 years of age.

Accidents and Offences.—Our readers will recollect that last April the *Paymaster's* safe at the Brooklyn Navy Yard was broken open and its contents, \$130,000, abstracted. The culprit was not caught, but the suspicion fell upon a celebrated English thief named Smith, who disappeared at that time. He was traced to London and Paris, where his extravagant style of living made him suspected. He returned to New York last week, and was arrested. It is feared that, although the officers are satisfied he is the man, there is not sufficient evidence to hold him.

A respectable-looking young woman, with an infant, went into the grocery store of Mr. Boylaw, Washington street, on the evening of the 16th Sept., and left the child on some pretence for a few minutes. As she never returned, it was sent to the Almshouse.

Adolph David, a discharged soldier, went into the gun store of Woodham, 424 Broadway, and having purchased a revolver, asked the man to load it and let him try it in the shooting gallery. He proceeded to the gallery, and then deliberately shot himself dead. He had lost a leg in one of the Peninsula battles, and it is supposed his crippled state rendered him indifferent to life. The neglect and brutality craved towards disabled soldiers by the Government is a terrible discouragement to enlistments.

A fire broke out in St. Louis, 14th Sept., by which four steamers were destroyed. It is supposed to be the work of incendiaries. Government property seems to be very poorly guarded. Jersey City, Philadelphia and St. Louis are cases in point.

A terrible accident occurred on the 10th Sept., in the shipyard of Laurence & Co., Williamsburg, by which two men were fatally injured, by the scaffolding giving way. One died a few hours after, and the other is in a most precarious condition. Both men have wives and families.

As Capt. Goodwin, of Goodwin's battery of breechloading guns, was practising below the water battery at Fort Hamilton, Sept. 18, a terrible accident occurred, in which the Captain and Private Fitzgerald were dreadfully maimed. The cause of the sad occurrence was the premature discharge of one of the guns. Fitzgerald suffered amputation of the right arm, and it is feared the Captain will lose his eyesight. Lieut. Ferris narrowly escaped injury or death, the plug passing in close proximity to his body.

The rain storm of Friday was very wide in its effects, reaching to the northern part of New York, and taking in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Much damage was done by the gale and flooding.

Police-Officer McGill was arrested on the 16th September for passing off \$100 of worthless bills upon Gustave Schuman, as part of the \$300 he had agreed to pay him for going substitute for McGill. The evidence is conflicting.

As Sergeant Waters, of the police was passing the *Sun* office during the gale on the 18th Sept., a brick was blown off the roof and his skull badly fractured.

Foreign.—Secretary Seward had replied to an address forwarded by the Anti-Slavery Conference of England to President Lincoln in June last. Mr. Seward says: "The President readily accepts and avows, as an additional and irresistible motive, the suggestion made by the friends of our country in Europe, that the successes of the insurrection would result in the establishment, for the first time in the history of the human race, of a State based upon the exclusive foundation of African slavery."

The "Rebel Recognition Society" of Manchester had issued a circular to the English people, inviting them to form a "Central Recognition Association."

It is feared that Leasow's canal will suffer from the rising of the Nile, which is thus reported in a letter from Alexandria, Egypt, of the 19th of August: The Nile is rising so rapidly as to excite great apprehension; it is already 14 feet higher than last year at the same season, and it has yet 45 days to rise. The Government has dispatched by rail a large quantity of timber and piles to different points, to be ready to dam the gaps in case the dykes give way; and men are employed in raising the banks along the river.

The London *Times* of the 29th August says: The Board of Trade returns for the past month were issued this morning, and the results they present are strikingly favorable, the declared value of our exports having been £13,648,840, which is £1,517,039, or 12½ per cent in excess of the total for the corresponding month of last year, and £3,554,580 in excess for July, 1861. The improvement has been distributed among all the principal articles of production, linen and woollen manufactures being especially prominent. There has also been some revival in the shipment of railway iron to the United States, and the export of arms and ammunition has been more than

double that of the same month of the last two years—the total, which was £75,830 in July, 1861, being now £109,591. Of cotton manufactures the shipments show an increase of about 10 per cent in value, but a decrease of about 20 per cent in quantity.

By the way of Havana we have news from Mexico dated at Vera Cruz on the 15th of August. A detachment of the French army had occupied Tampico. It consisted of 1,200 men. They were conveyed to the port in seven steamers, under command of Admiral Bosc. Miramon had given his allegiance to the French and Maximilian. Count Salguero, the French Minister in Mexico, was very ill. The French troops marched from Real del Monte to Tuxtepec, where they engaged and defeated the Mexicans.

The Patasco, from Havana, informs us that a rebellion against the Spaniards in San Domingo had broken out in the city of Puerto Plata. The commander was forced to shut himself, with the troops under his command, up in the fort. He dispatched a request to Havana for aid, and a war steamer was sent off with troops.

The new notes of France, England and Austria to Russia on the Polish question had been presented. They deny the position taken by Prince Gortschakoff in his reply to the first notes, and again firmly assert that Russia has not fulfilled her engagements entered into in 1816. The Czar is warned of the gravity of the present situation.

In the German Congress the Emperor Francis Joseph's scheme of federal reform seemed to receive more approval than was first predicted for it. The sovereigns at Frankfurt are said to have accepted, with some modifications of no great importance, that portion of the proposal which relates to the composition of the Federal Directory.

Later accounts from Japan say that the attack on the American and British proceeded from the Prince of Simonski, whose father murdered Mr. Richardson. He owns territory along the strait of Simonski, and recklessly fired upon all the ships that passed. He also had two steamers fitted up as war vessels, with heavy guns, which aided the forts in the attack. These are the vessels supposed to have been destroyed by the Wyoming. At the latest dates a large British fleet was at Kuregawa, under Admiral Kuper, and was about to sail for the strait of Simonski. It is further stated that the Prince of Nagata does not care for reverses, as he has the assurance that nearly all the Daimion will soon join him in active hostilities. The largest fire of many years took place in Yeddo, July 18. The residences of thirty Daimios and a vast amount of property were destroyed.

The barque Jeff. Davis, belonging to what is known in England as the "Dixie Line," was launched lately at Liverpool for the rebel service. She is a consort of the Virginia and Richmond, lately completed for the Confederate Government.

A pamphlet by M. Chevalier, on Mexico, France and the Confederate States, has been published in Paris. It recommends the immediate recognition of the South. It is considered by many as official.

The Paris *Moniteur* defends the admission of the private Florida to the dockyard at Brest, to repair damages to her sailing power, but not to ship material to enable her to fight. The Emperor having recognized the Confederates as belligerents, her reception for repairs is "according to the ordinary principles of international law."

The Paris journals deny that the French Government has any interest in the rams. The vessels are to be paid for out of the rebel cotton loan, and Mr. Langier, a French banker and agent of the loan, is responsible to Laird for their cost. Langier has a mortgage on the vessels, and if they are not got off for the rebels he may sell them to any Power for coast defence purposes, for which they are splendidly adapted. They are described as worthless for privateering purposes.

The leading journals of Vienna were taking a strong position against the acceptance of the throne of Mexico by the Archduke Maximilian. The Vienna *Presse* says Napoleon never would have proposed a throne but that he believed in the triumph of the Southern rebels, and now when "the overthrow of secession is as good as decided," he wishes to plant some prince on it, then withdraw the French army and leave him to his fate.

The liberal press are very severe upon Lord Russell for his equivocating reply to the Emancipation Society.

Art, Science and Literature.—The iron pavement is being removed from Cortlandt street, it being a failure. It is to be replaced by Belgian.

"The New Testament translated into English by John Wycliffe, with a Ru e and Calendar of Pictles and Gospels after ye use of Salisbury," a very elegant manuscript on vellum, in a very clear hand with capitals illuminated in gold and colors, acc. xv., was recently sold in London for £330.

The Madrid journals state that a Spanish translation of *Vie de Jesus*, by M. Renan, has been interdicted.

A paragraph is circulating in the newspaper world describing a violin manufactured by Maggini in 1600. This instrument is in the possession of a resident of Saginaw, Michigan. Another instrument of about the same age is owned by N. C. Greecough, of Newburyport, Mass. But we have heard of one still more ancient, in the possession of Mr. L. A. Louis, agent of the Illinois Central Railroad at Ash-ley, Illinois, for several years a telegraph operator in this city. The instrument bears the inscription *bononatus anno, 1512*, and is described as passing as a very fine tone. The owner has possessed it 13 years, and refused \$100 for it. A very fine violin is in the possession of Herr Rozen, a German composer. It was made by Nicola Amati, of Cremona. Herein the reputation of the Cremona violins.

Madame Victor Hugo's "Autobiography of her husband," as the Irish *American* characteristically calls it, has been translated into English, and published in America. If no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet, he generally is in the eyes of his wife, principally out of egotism, as being his better-half she glorifies most herself by glorifying him. The mutual delusion of marriage has a very pathetic as well as ludicrous aspect when exhibited in eulogistic biography of each other by either husband or wife. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant accident, and as such we heartily welcome the late Hugo's account of her life.

Chit-Chat.—The system of employing substitutes was practiced to a certain extent in the Revolutionary war. Mr. Elijah Gaylord, now or very recently a resident of this State, and nearly 100 years old, engaged as a substitute during the War of Independence at Hartford, Conn., where he was born, in consideration of a cow, a suitable outfit of clothing, one blanket, a few farming utensils and 12 bushels of wheat per month.

The patriots of the Revolution are fast passing away, and soon the last will be summoned to his final resting place. The youngest of them now is about 84 years of age. On the 1st July, 1863, there were but 62 of them living, since which time over one-third of the number have died.

The Providence *Post* says: "One day last week a teamster in Albany backed his horse into the river, and by tying a rope round his neck succeeded in saving it from drowning, but choked it to death. The fellow, a cotemporary thinks, was only illustrating how the Administration are saving the country."

W. Gillmore Simms has written a poem in honor of Col. Alfred Rickett, who commanded the rebel garrison of Fort Sumter. It settles the question that the great Southern author is as dead as a rebel as Jeff. Davis himself. He calls the Northern troops "the insolent foe," and charges them with "hate and malignity."

The Central Park never looked more lovely than it does at present. Among other sights are the eight deer and 30 squirrels, a present from the munificent city of Philadelphia.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—UNION SHARPSHOOTERS APPROACHING FORT WAGNER BEFORE THE EVACUATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



WAR IN VIRGINIA—PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO MAJOR-GEN. MEADE BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

HOSPITAL HEROES.

BY A. S. HOOKER.

Not where the thundering rush of squadrons
crashing
In furious charge upon the flamegirt
squares,
And reddening sabres through the dense
clouds flashing,
In lightning strokes tell how the battle
fares;
Not where, with shouts, the steel-fringed
column closes,
With rending crash, upon the crumbling
line
Of wavering blue, that steel for steel opposes,
As the torn banners o'er the conflict shine;
Not where the earthquake crash of booming
thunder
From the red battery mouths sends reeling
back
The shattered ranks, rent by its storm
asunder,
Like autumn leaves before the whirlwind's
track;
Not where the crumbling walls of forts are
shaking,
As the red floods sweep round their sides
again,
Are all the heroes, who, their weapons taking,
Marched for their country to the battle-
plain.
No! for our hospitals are full of heroes
Who never stood where leaden missiles
fell,
Or in the iron wall that from the sea rose
Were wrapped in smoke and flame by
bursting shell;
They fought not foes with burnished bayonets
glancing,
With volleyed stormdrift sweeping all the
plain,
But on disease, with creeping pace advanc-
ing,
They look, unmurmuring at the strokes of
pain.



Where the long rows of pallid sufferers,
lying
In the white cots, stretch far adown the
room,
And mercy's angels flit among the dying,
And with their presence light the gathering
gloom;
Where haggard fever hovers o'er their
couches,
Kissing, with burning lips, the hollow
cheek,
And with wild delirium, like a demon,
crouches,
Glaring the horror which no lips may speak.
The suffering soldier, as the days unnumbered
Wheel slowly by, impatient of delay,
Bound by disease, whose chains his frame
have cumbered,
Fades from the sunlight and the cloud
away,
While his sad comrades, honor's guard, are
bearing—
As muffled drumbeat the deep silence
breaks—
The loved dead, where, for the long march
preparing,
Its last encampment the grand army makes.
In the dark forests, 'mid the wild morasses,
In lonely tents amid the pattering rain,
In drear unrest the weary war time passes,
Heavy with burdens of disease and pain.
Some gleams of sunshine flit among the
shadows,
When the sweet missives from their distant
home
Call back their hearts to sunny vales and
meadows,
Where waiting feet among the home paths
roam.
They feel no mother's kiss with fond lips
dewy
Their still white faces, as upturned they
lie,
With glazing eyeballs some dear vision view-
ing,
Our bravest heroes uncomplaining die.



THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, THE EMPEROR ELECT OF MEXICO.

Their country called them, and they felt the
danger,
But burned to be the foremost in the fight,
They only saw the bold, invading stranger,
And left their dear ones to defend the right.
They calmly rest beside the dreamy river,
The long swamp moss creeps o'er their
narrow beds,
And the bright sunbeams through the green
leaves quiver,
God's golden glory resting on their heads;
On the green prairie in their low mounds
sleeping,
On the lone hillside, 'mong the scattered
pines,
While far away are tender mothers weeping,
And tearful sisters gazing through the vines.

Then, while ye twine wreaths in your pride
and wonder
For those that march to glory in the way,
Where battle's waves meet with a shock of
thunder,
And fill the dark air with their fiery spray;
Twine fadeless laurels for the brave that
hasted,
With noble hearts, to join the ringing fray,
But, languishing in hospitals, are wasted,
By grim disease with each succeeding day.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If a good view is to
be had from the top of the morning? If the man who
did not know what to do ever got a job? If a bald-
headed man can be said to be hair-brained? If one
man is not as good as any other man?



Appearance of the old French Count in Eugenie's Bedroom.

PRIZE STORY No. 30.

THE SPECTRE COUNT
OF
FORT NIAGARA.

By the late Miss Anna Belden.

CHAPTER I.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
That in the course of some six thousand years
All nations have believed, that from the dead
A visitant at intervals appears;
And therefore, mortal, evil not at all,
Believe—if 'tis improbable, you must,
And if it is impossible—you shall;
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
—Byron.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
When he bore the maiden away,
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapor and sleet
O'er the wild November day.—Byron.

At the close of a sunny day in the early
autumn of the year previous to the last war be-
tween Great Britain and the United States, a small
party consisting of some half-a-dozen dusky war-
riors of the Tuscarora tribe of Indians, fully armed,
though at a time of profound peace, with tomahawk,
scalping-knife and rifle, might be seen silently yet
swiftly threading the mazes of the primeval forest
skirting the southern shores of Lake Ontario.
They bore with them, with much apparent reluc-
tance and weariness on her part, a European
maiden, evidently a captive. As they approached
within a few miles of Fort Niagara, then the head-
quarters of the American force stationed on that
part of the frontier, and traces of civilization
became perceptible in the occasional openings

of the forest that bound the noble lake, all their
previous care and precaution were redoubled, ap-
parently for the purpose of guarding against dis-
covery or surprise.

Within the last few years some hardy pioneers
had been induced, by the proximity of the military
post, to settle in a region characterized alike for
its fertility and beauty. Here and there, amid
patches of clearing that rarely exceeded a few acres,
arose a log hut just large enough to contain, but
not to accommodate, a family. At all hours of the
day the axe of the woodman, with sturdy "stroke
on beech and oak," might be heard wakening the
echoes among the hitherto undisturbed solitudes.

One of the party, a tall and athletic warrior,
whose noble and commanding presence proclaimed
him to be the leader or chief, in spite of his appa-
rent youth, walked somewhat in advance of the
rest; and by his noiseless tread and constant vige-
lance, was obviously anxious to avoid the observa-
tion of any passing hunter or settler.

Just then they emerged from the forest upon a
small hillock, sparsely covered with trees, still clad
in the full and verdant foliage of summer. Beyond
them, the surface sloped towards a diminutive bay
that had been formed by the gradual accumulation
of sand at the mouth of an insignificant brook.
Within the basin thus formed, there was a sufficient
depth of water to float vessels of the middle class,
and as it was about half a mile across in each di-
rection, it might have served as a secure haven, had
the necessities or trade of the contiguous country
required the employment of shipping. Three small
schooners were the only craft that navigated the
broad bosom of the lake, at the time of which we
write.

Beyond the narrow entrance of the little bay,
stretched as far as the eye could reach, was the
bright blue expanse of the lake. Its surface was
unbroken by a single ripple, and so perfect was its
repose, that it seemed almost a sea of glass. The
rays of the setting sun tinged the western horizon
with varied hues, which were faithfully mirrored in
the placid waters beneath.

The leader halted, and raising his hand toward
the north, where a faint streak like land was visible
beyond the water, he exclaimed, "Toh-ron-to."
The rest of the party ejaculated "ah!" or "ugh!"
expressive of assent, and by their words and ges-
tures seemed to deprecate a gathering storm. The



Capture of the Paleface Maiden by the Indians.

maiden roused herself from the apathy and com-
parative stupor into which she had been thrown,
and equally forgetful of her strange and unauthor-
ized captivity, and of the savage beings that com-
posed her escort, she gazed with unalloyed delight
and admiration upon the scene unfolded to her view.
She turned as if for sympathy, but recalled to a
sense of her desolate state, she burst into a passion-
ate fit of weeping.

"Why does the lady sorrow?" said the young
chief, addressing her for the first time in English,
which he spoke with a slightly foreign accent. She
started in painful surprise.

"A few moments more," added he, "and my
canoe shall land us safely across yon narrow water,
and in my father's wigwam, amid the hunting en-
campment of my people, you will meet the welcome
of a daughter."

She shuddered as she noticed the evident admi-
ration depicted in the face of the savage, whose
language and appearance were strangely at vari-
ance.

No time however was given for reply, for at that
moment the report of a rifle fired very near them
was heard, and pushing aside the thickly clustering
branches upon the rising ground, a young man
sprang forward. He was equipped as a hunter,
but still bearing in his dress and accoutrements
sufficient of the stamp of the military to indicate
that he belonged to the army. His cap was pushed
back from his forehead, disclosing thick locks of
dark and glossy brown, and his manly features
were flushed with the exciting exercise. A close
green hunting frock reaching to the knee, and
girded tightly at the waist with a red sash, displayed
a tall slight figure to the greatest advantage. The
lady made a convulsive movement towards him, as
if to claim protection from one of her own race and
color, but the strong arms of two of the silent sav-
ages drew her back within the shadow of a large
tree. The chief, meanwhile, as there was no avoid-
ing the meeting, advanced with all the stately dig-
nity peculiar to his race, to receive the friendly
greeting of the stranger.

"Ah! Printhop, how is this? have you taken
the hunting ground so early in the season? I
thought your nation established themselves farther
from the lakes, among the Mount Pleasant hills.
Does not the progress of civilization frighten away
the game?" said he, as he shook the Indian cordially
by the hand.

"No, we are not on a hunting expedition, Capt.
Linton," replied the chief, "but part of a return
party who have been to visit the Oneidas, to join in

their annual corn and war dances. The rest of our young men returned by the Southern trail, direct to the villages of the Senecas, by the Genesee. My father promised to await me here upon the opposite bank."

"Yes, I but just rested within the chieftain's lodge, and received a draught of the clear spring water from your dark-eyed sister Rose. They are encamped upon yonder knoll. But how is this, Printhrop? Surely it is not the custom for the women of your tribe to accompany the young men upon their ceremonial visits?" said the young officer, who had caught a glimpse of the lady's dress, notwithstanding one of her savage conductors, with ready cunning, had thrown over her a blanket, such as is usually worn by Indian women.

"Tis a woman of the Oneidas whom one of our young men is bearing home to his lodge. Her father has given her to him—she is his wife," rejoined the chief, somewhat constrainedly.

"By my faith, then, she is a dainty damsel, and must have received her boots direct from Paris. I doubt much if the Oneidas have advanced so far in civilization and the arts as to have manufactured such an article as yet. Surely such a foot has seldom brushed the dewdrop from the flowers among your broad-footed race. I must see the face and figure to which it appertains." So saying, Linton brushed lightly past the Indian and stood full in front of the group. He paused in strange perplexity; for the lovely vision that met his view might well occasion surprise, encountered in such a spot, amid such companions. A maiden just ripened into womanhood stood before him. Her form of exquisite grace and symmetry was becomingly attired in a tasteful riding dress of dark green. The neatly fitting boot which had first attracted Linton's notice encased a foot that might have disputed the ownership of the glass slipper. But the face on which he gazed in silent wonder was one of no common beauty. Not that the features were faultless in their regularity—not that the complexion was unusually fair in its tints. She was rather a brunette; the clear, semi-transparent, not brown hue, with a soft, peach-like bloom upon the cheek. The full ripe lips, now parted in her earnestness to address the officer, disclosed teeth of unrivalled regularity and whiteness. Her deep, dark and lustrous eyes were such orbs as one delights to gaze upon, to read therein the world of genius and the empire of soul. The delicate and open brows were beautifully arched, and her raven hair, which fell in careless and luxuriant ringlets about her face and neck, lent additional potency to her charms. A suitable riding hat of black velvet, surmounted by a plume of the white crane of Florida, completed her costume.

Her gloveless hand, which had been somewhat marked and disfigured by the thorns that beset the forest trails, and by her frantic efforts for freedom, she extended eagerly to the stranger, and with the vehemence of despair claimed his protection. She protested that she had been stolen from her friends; and closed by the avowal that she was the daughter of the Hon. Gen. Rainscourt, ex-Governor-General of the Canadas, now at Montreal.

"Trust me, lady; I will protect you with my heart's blood," responded Linton, glancing sternly at the savages. "How is it I find you thus? how have you dared to commit this outrage?"

The Indians had been partially reclaimed by the missionaries settled among them. Their quiet and peaceful homes were upon their reservation, in the midst of a white population that was rapidly increasing. They entertained a profound respect for the officers of the fort, and as they had only acted from the imperative commands of their chief, in capturing the young lady, they shrank abashed from the interrogations of the captain. Not so the chief, who was known as young Printhrop among the whites. With the spirit of his fathers glancing in his eye, he instantly stepped forward with a fierce and threatening mien.

"Who says dare to me? Who dare challenge my right to make captive whom I will, and where, and when? I tell you, Charles Linton, I fancy the maiden. I have taken her to be my wife, and who shall gainsay me? Yes, this right arm shall slay, shall ere I yield her up to one of your hated race," said he, brandishing his tomahawk above her head. "Was it not enough that my craven-hearted father, aping the customs of the white man, who had despoiled his children of their inheritance, would fain have me instructed in the knowledge of their wise men, and for that purpose sent me across the far Atlantic to compete with the paltry lordlings of England at Oxford? Was it not enough that there the stripling brother of this maiden taunted me and pointed the finger of scorn at me for the red blood that coursed in my veins, though it was the blood of kings and princes? I struck the dastard to the earth, and was only prevented by others from giving him the deathblow he merited. I was driven from the institution in disgrace, and when I returned to my native wilds, in heart a savage again, I recorded this as another wrong to be avenged when time and opportunity should offer. I have nursed my vengeance amid all the stolid seeming of these intervening years, and not till three days ago did the hour for wreaking it come. Returning, as I told, from the castle of the Oneidas, I met at the Great Sodus a party of travellers. At one glance I knew my enemy, though time had changed the beardless stripling to the swarthy soldier in all the dignity of scarlet trappings and an epaulette. He was on his way to visit some friends upon the Mohawk, and was accompanied by his sister and a couple of attendants. I looked upon the maiden and loved her. My love is even as my hatred—a wild, consuming fire; and I said to my heart, thy revenge is here! The haughty soldier shall not die, but he shall live to know that his sister is the wife of him whom he scoffed, because, sooth to say, his race was less fair than his own. I dogged their footsteps, and an opportunity soon came. The brother left his sister beside a calm stream, while he went forth in quest of game—

Instructing my warriors, we burst upon them suddenly, seized the shrieking maiden, and left with the terror-stricken servant, for the proud Julien Rainscourt, the knowledge that his sister, his highborn and delicately nurtured sister, must become the household drudge in an Indian wigwam."

"Nay, that shall never be!" exclaimed Linton, vehemently. "Your father is encamped across that sheet of water—he is your chieftain—we will refer it to his decision. What say you?" turning to the other Indians, "shall not your chief tell us what is right?"

A unanimous voice of assent was given, and the young chief, however unwillingly, was forced to submit. Unmooring a birch canoe hidden among the tall flags that lined the margin of the basin, the party entered it in silence. A few moments of rapid paddling brought them to the other side. Jumping on land, Linton turned to assist the lady from the boat. In this he was forestalled by Printhrop, who, lifting her almost rudely from her seat, drew her shrinking form beside him, retaining her hand. "No! she is mine as yet!" said he, fiercely. Linton walked beside her, and in assisting her to climb the bank, he endeavored in the kindest manner to reassure her.

CHAPTER II.

"The sachem spoke, Resentment rising seemed to choke The words of wrath that forth he broke; But conscience lent her bland relief, And calmly spoke the injured chief."—Sands.

A WALK of a few minutes brought the party within a partially open area, where were rudely pitched three or four tents composed of bear and raccoon skins. Entering the principal, the received a welcome from several women, its only occupants.

"Where is Captain Printhrop?" "Where is my father?" exclaimed the young men simultaneously. Putting aside the skins on the opposite side of the tent, the old chief came forward. Addressing a few words to his son and his band, he took Linton by the hand and inquired, "What success in the chase?"

Though his visage was corrugated with wrinkles, he had a tall and powerful frame, and his form was as erect and stately as his son's. He wore a dark blue frock coat, with leggings of the same fabric. His gay calico shirt was thickly studded with silver brooches, and a large silver medal bearing the image of Washington was suspended from his neck. His head was bare, showing his still black hair cut short about the forehead and temples, while the long scalp-lock upon the crown was bound in one heavy braid about the head and twined with a tuft of eagle feathers. In a few words Linton explained the nature of the dispute between them. He glanced sternly at his son, whose brow grew darker with vindictive passions as he in turn gazed at the young officer. A moment's pause and he spoke:

"Is this the deed of my son? Should the descendant of a thousand warriors be guilty of an act that dishonors their memory? The chain of peace is bright between us and the English; wherefore did'st thou steal this maiden from her friends?"

The patriarchal forms are so revered among the Indians that there is no appeal from the authority of the chieftain. Scarcely awaiting a reply from the culprit, the father advanced towards the lady and removed her hat quickly but not rudely. After gazing a moment upon the terrified girl, he demanded, "Your mother, lady, was she not Melora de Rivardie? Were not her early years passed at yonder fort? Is not your father Everard Rainscourt?"

Somewhat reassured, she replied, "my father is Gen. Rainscourt, and I bear my mother's name, Eugenie Melora. My brother is Julien de Rivardie, named, I have heard, from my grandfather, of whom, as well as of her early days, my mother rarely speaks. It would seem as if painful memories were in some way mysteriously linked with them."

"Ah! of that lady none knows better than myself, but we will not speak of them now. You are fatigued and travel-worn, and we must make amends for the rudeness of my son by offering you such hospitality as our simple means will allow." Here Linton interposed. "Nay, Captain Printhrop, I consider the young lady from henceforth under my protection. I must claim an escort, with such a litter as your young men are skilful in constructing, to convey her to the fort, where she will be under the guardianship of Col. Lenox, in whose family she will be a welcome inmate until such time as she may return in safety to her friends."

"Many thanks for all this kindness," said Eugenie. "I believe myself quite equal to a walk there. This restoration of my freedom has quite revived me; indeed I feel no fatigue."

"Lady, I will see you to-morrow," rejoined the chief. "Your father was my friend, and it chanced that I once had an opportunity to serve him and the gentle lady Melora. Your grandfather, the old Count de Rivardie, was my bitter enemy. For your mother's sake, will you give your hand in parting to the red man and forgive the son the injury he has done you?"

The young Indian had withdrawn some moments before; Linton, too, all eager to depart, had stepped beyond the opening round the tents, and as it was now quite dark he was engaged with the Indians who were to compose their escort in making torches by binding long strips of birch bark tightly together. While speaking with the chief, Eugenie gained the entrance to the tent, but scarcely had she stepped upon the sward beyond when the bright gleam of a knife before her eyes startled her, and with the quickness of light she raised her arm to parry the blow which her ready apprehension told her was aimed at her life. She in part succeeded, receiving comparatively a slight wound in the side, but taking the whole force of the well-aimed blow upon her arm. The cold steel penetrated to the very bone; with one wild shriek she fell senseless from pain and fright. A fearful whoop broke upon the ears of the assembled listeners, then was heard the sound

of swift footsteps rushing towards the lake. All gathered hurriedly around the fainting girl, regardless of the escaping miscreant. A moment's examination of the bleeding sufferer convinced Linton that she not only lived, but that her wounds were not necessarily mortal. He applied every remedy at hand to restore animation, and in a few minutes succeeded. Calling for aid upon the old chief who had stood almost petrified with horror and indignation, he applied himself to staunching the blood which now flowed freely from her wounds. With his handkerchief he bound her arm, and with his sash he bandaged her waist. Carefully enveloping her slender person in a blanket, he raised her gently from the couch upon which she had been laid, bore her out and placed her on the litter which had been made of hickory poles bound firmly together with stout thongs and overlaid with furs. Four young Indians had been selected as bearers, and two more were to precede them with lighted torches.

"It is necessary Captain Printhrop that the lady should receive surgical aid at once, so our adieux must be short. See to your recreant son—good-night." Partially supporting the trembling maiden upon his arm, his party took up their line of march. With rapid and noiseless tread they threaded the tangled mazes of the forest paths, and at a distance of half a mile from their starting point they entered upon the common road. From thence there were no obstacles, and their route was more direct. During the first part of the way, Linton often spoke low and soothingly to the fair sufferer for the purpose of allaying her fears, assuring her at the same time of the kindest welcome at the fort. Soon, however, her low and measured breathing told him that, exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood, she slept, despite her pain and anxiety.

Ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, it is not wonderful that the novel situation in which the young soldier found himself—alone in the dim starlight with a savage escort and a lovely girl sleeping almost in his very arms, should give birth to a new and not unpleasant train of ideas. Already was he speculating upon the chances of the singular rencontre in the wood and the unprotected situation of the slumbering fair one. A feeling of warm and chivalrous devotion unconsciously stole over him, but the vigilance he conceived it necessary to maintain left him no time to follow out the tissue of romance his brain was weaving. Their road again passed through a portion of the forest. Here he was unceasingly on the alert, from the fear that the baffled savage might be dogging their footsteps, in the hope of yet consummating his revenge by sending a bullet through the heart of his victim or some one of her escort, but they fortunately reached the barrier-gate without molestation. Upon giving the countersign they were admitted into the fort at the very moment the drums were beating to quarters. As they were entering they met the officer of the day upon his rounds.

"Aha! Linton, you are late to-night; you must have found first-rate sport; but in the name of all the horned gods, my Nimrod, what game have you bagged now? Not the dark-eyed daughter of old Printhrop, I hope, for the sake of the morality of our fortress, though I bethink me of looks of most portentous meaning passing between you of late. Let's see your prize, however—an old bear and her cubs, I imagine, from your four herculean porters."

"Nay, Graves, give over jesting; run I pray you to Dr. Fisher and beg his instantaneous attendance at the quarters of Col. Lenox, while I prepare them for an unexpected visitor—a young English lady I rescued from young Printhrop, and whom that desperado has wounded in revenge."

Thus saying he rapidly led the way to the old mess house, a venerable and massive-looking building of stone, erected by the French in 1725. Desiring his obedient followers to remain in the porch, he knocked at the door at the right hand, which was immediately opened by a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, but whom we cannot stop at present to describe.

"Good evening, Miss Mary. I hope your father and mother have not retired for the night, for I should be obliged in that case to resort to the disagreeable duty of disturbing their slumbers upon matters of great import."

"Oh, no, Capt. Linton; pray be seated; I will summon them at once."

Col. and Mrs. Lenox directly made their appearance. In as rapid a manner as possible Linton related the adventures of the last few hours, and concluded by earnestly requesting that their hospitality might be extended to the hapless being thus strangely thrown upon his protection. It were needless to say that the appeal was not made in vain.

Scarcely had he done speaking when the litter of the stranger was surrounded by sympathising hearts; but she was now in a condition that she could little appreciate their kindness. The intensity of the pain caused by her undressed wounds and the motion of the rude litter over a pathway somewhat rough had already produced a raging fever, and the wild and fitful lustre of her large dark eyes seemed almost like the gleaming of incipient insanity.

"Poor child," said the tearful Mrs. Lenox in the kindest tones, "I will watch over her as though she were my own child until she is in a condition to return to her friends."

"Heaven will reward you for your kindness, my dear madam," said Linton warmly. "We must dispatch immediate intelligence of her safety to her friends, who are, I doubt not, suffering all the agonies of uncertainty as to her fate."

At this instant Dr. Fisher entered, and the young lady was removed to a temporary couch which Mary Lenox had hastily prepared for her. The poor sufferer, already excited by the number of strange forms around her, had broken forth into wild disjointed ravings, at one moment calling upon her mother, at another pleading for mercy from her savage conductor, then apostrophising her young

deliverer in such terms of agonised entreaty to rescue her from captivity as brought the warm blood rushing in still warmer torrents over his sun-burned cheek.

"I must insist upon quickly clearing the room," said Dr. Fisher; "Mrs. Lenox, you will of course remain. Miss Mary, have you nerve enough to assist in dressing a wound?"

"Oh, I am a soldier's daughter, Dr. Fisher, and should not shrink from a sight I may at any time be called upon to endure; besides, for so prepossessing an object I feel that I might endure still more than the sight of a little blood. I will remain with her all night; she will require careful nursing, and I am used to watching."

"God bless you! you are always ready at the call of humanity," uttered Linton, warmly pressing her hand.

The gentle girl thought with sadness that the mere dressing of wounds was the least portion of the suffering she must bear, as she noticed the earnest and protracted gaze he bent upon the young stranger.

On examining her wounds, that inflicted upon the side was fortunately found to be slight; the timely interposition of her arm had saved her from anything more serious. The one in her arm was deep but not dangerous, unless complicated with inflammation and continued fever.

The dressings being finished and the prescriptions made, the doctor, with many injunctions of complete quiet and perfect seclusion from all visitors save her voluntary nurse, left for the night.

Mary removed the soiled habiliments of her patient, and clothed her in garments more suited to a sick bed; then noiselessly proceeded in her arrangements for her further comfort. The lamp was placed in a shaded position, the medicines and drinks were set in order upon a low stand, the pillows were adjusted and smoothed, and the redundant tresses of the fevered maiden, that half rebelled at the effort to confine them, were gathered beneath a simple and snowy cap.

Taking a book as she seated herself in a low chair, she resigned herself to her solitary vigil. She had not read long before a light tap at the door arrested her attention. On opening it Capt. Linton presented himself. He avowed that his anxiety for the suffering lady was so great that he could not refrain from inquiring after her.

"She is much relieved, I hope, though greatly exhausted from the dressing of the wounds. I trust, however, that a night of calmness and repose may aid effectually in restoring her," was the whispered reply.

"I know you are the best of nurses and the kindest of human beings," said Linton warmly, and again Mary's hand was pressed between his own; but it seemed that some sad remembrance crossed her mind, for it was almost immediately withdrawn, and a crimson flush rose to his forehead as he hastily bade her good-night. Perhaps the thoughts of both recurred to a period not many months previous, when Mary Lenox and her mother had been joint nurses and performed the part of "ministering angels" beside his couch of suffering, and the very propensity in the heart of woman to love the being that is helplessly reliant upon her might have been the reason that from that hour a warmer interest was awakened in the heart of Mary Lenox than she felt was either maidenly or proper.

Naturally fond of the society of ladies, warm and ardent in all his feelings, isolated from all society but the little that was afforded by the narrow circle within the fort, Linton had seen much of Mary, yet her quiet character had awakened only a passing admiration, which had settled into a very great esteem for her many excellencies. He had never dreamed that beneath this quiet exterior were hidden deep, holy and impassioned feelings. It had been his fate to awaken these in all their fervor and power.

While he was still standing beneath the vine-clad porch he was suddenly aroused from his musings by the bluff voice of Graves, who was passing on his midnight rounds.

"How is it now with my knight-errant? Ranging the country in quest of adventures, and rescuing distressed damsels from savage captors, all day long, and keeping watch over the golden fruit, like the dragons of old, during the dreamy hours of night? Charlie, you are the very impersonation of the genius of old romance; but black eyes and raven curls have assumed the ascendancy over the soft, sentimental, sighing, blue orbs and golden locks of the gentle Mary. But I forget that for the four last weeks gray eyes have been the object of your adoration, that the Amazonian graces of Miss Wilton have claimed your heart's devotion. Well, be it so. I like this new flame, for I cannot bear the fair Minerva. She is as satirical as the old gentleman we read of himself. I suppose now the stately dame will have to ride her steepchases alone, unless I in very pity should become her escort, as you will be immersed in the mysteries of pánadas and water-gruels, and will be consulting old grandma Fisher as to the proper manner of scraping lint and preparing bandages."

"A truce to your banterings, Graves, and tell me where I may find a ready messenger to send to Montreal with the news of Miss Rainscourt's safety to her family."

"Of her safety, my dear fellow, and she lying perhaps with her deathwounds, and in a raging fever?"

"You are a Job's comforter, Graves; but a good-night to your croakings!"

So saying, Linton sought his quarters, where, after many useless endeavors to drive the fast crowding thoughts from his brain, he at last sunk into an unquiet and not dreamless slumber. The drums beating the *réveille* roused him from a very interesting scene, in which it is scarcely necessary to say, Miss Rainscourt and himself were the principal actors. On rising, he made it his first duty to dispatch a proper person to Gen. Rainscourt with

intelligence of his daughter. The poor girl was now lying in a state bordering upon stupor, after many hours of fever and delirium, quite unfit to be consulted on the subject.

For many weary days Eugenie Rainscourt lay upon that same low bed, tended by the same kind and careful hands. At times a half-feeling of consciousness would come over her, as she was made sensible of being surrounded by friends, though they were strangers. As she became convalescent other inmates of the fort were admitted, and each seemed anxious to contribute to her comfort and amusement. Dr. Fisher and his wife, Col. Lenox, his wife and daughter, and Capt. Graves were all assiduous in their attentions. It would be needless to state that Capt. Linton was in no wise behind the others in his attendance. He soon learned to look upon the hour or two of each day, when he was permitted to visit their interesting guest, as the sunny spot of his existence; and he passed the hours before devoted to study or recreation in listlessly conning over every word that Eugenie had uttered at the last interview. He was aroused to action one morning by seeing Capt. Graves, in sporting costume, enter with some fine birds for the invalid's table. He then heard with surprise that she was daily supplied from the same source. The next morning's sun found him in the field "as zealous a sportsman as old Nimrod himself," Graves averred.

Capt. Printhead called, as he had promised, upon the daughter of his old friend, but she was not in a state to receive him. His son had not been heard of since the evening of his disappearance.

"This evening we will give Miss Rainscourt possession of her new apartment, which you have been arranging, Mary dear," said Mrs. Lenox. "I assure you, my dear Miss Rainscourt, the room is well aired and pleasant. I have kept up a fire in the capacious old fireplace all day to dispel the damp."

CHAPTER III.

I called on dreams and visions to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought, conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer.—Wordsworth.

Even from the land of shadows, now
My father's awful ghost appears.
—Gertrude of Wyoming.

It was almost with a shudder that Eugenie, after traversing the long, dark corridor, took possession of her solitary room. With all Mary's care in arranging everything to advantage, it appeared gloomy and cheerless enough, to her eyes at least. Although a fire burned brightly on the hearth, and the counterpane and curtains gleamed in snowy whiteness, the dark-colored wainscoting and the deep, narrow windows of old-fashioned purple French glass made it seem uninviting and sombre.

Eugenie approached the window and gazed out upon the clear moonlight. She started, wildly, as she read there the single word, "Melora," traced with a diamond upon the glass. She felt that it must have been her mother's hand that wrote it, perhaps it was the very room she had occupied long years before.

Eugenie was the youngest of many children, none of whom survived the age of early childhood save Julien and herself. Of her mother's early history, she only knew that she was the daughter of a French general officer, who held command at Fort Niagara while it was still in the possession of France, and that she had left her home to become the wife of an English officer, clandestinely as she believed; and she felt convinced that some melancholy circumstance must have attended her elopement, from the sadness that always clouded her mother's brow when any allusion was made to her early life.

Eugenie sat long musing upon these events, but her thoughts were not all busy upon the past. In her reverie one manly form mingled with other images; snatches of low-spoken words, heard by her ear alone, again brought the crimson tide to her cheeks; and then came dark fears that her stately father, descended from an ancient house, the brother of one of England's proudest peers, might frown upon the suit of an American officer, and the rude jeers of her lordly cousins at her Yankee lover grated, in anticipation, somewhat harshly upon her ears. Then came fears that she had mistaken the attentions of that very Yankee to whom she had given her affections unsought, and with the proud resolution that she would suppress her attachment, and think no more of one who had never avowed his love, if he felt any, she at last composed herself to rest.

Her slumbers had scarcely commenced when she was aroused by the dull chiming of the clock, added to the deep voice of the sentinel calling the hour of twelve. She started with affright at the sight of a tall figure before the fire, the few decaying brands of which cast an uncertain and flickering light throughout the apartment. Confident that she had fastened her door before retiring, she held her very breath in strange bewilderment as the figure turned slowly around and disclosed features which seemed vaguely familiar to her. The dress of this novel apparition was of the fashion of the previous century, and rich and gorgeous in the extreme. It appeared half military, half civic. The waistcoat was of rich brocade. Upon the cuffs and collar of the coat was a profusion of gold lace, and upon the breast glittered a *fleur-de-lis* of golden embroidery, which would alone indicate the high rank of the wearer. The hilt of the sword that depended at his side was radiant with the flash and sparkle of precious stones of great value. His head was bare, and the long gray hair, unpowdered, fell around his shoulders.

Not noticing the bed or its occupant, he turned to a small closet in the chimney-piece, and the fascinated gaze now him apparently remove a part of the furniture, as if searching for something within. Eugenie, notwithstanding her terror, watched each movement of her nocturnal visitor, and began

to feel the strange assurance that it was her grandfather, as she had once seen a miniature likeness of him among the trinkets of her mother. At last, overcome with terror as this conviction dawned upon her, she shrieked aloud, and fell back insensible upon her pillow. The distance of her apartment from the family and the thickness of the wall prevented her from being heard. After a time she awoke to consciousness, then sank into a dreamful and restless slumber, which continued until the beating of the drums and the bright morning sunbeams shining through her window aroused her.

As she arose, the first thought presented to her mind was of her last night's visitor. She was alone, and the door was fastened as she left it.

"It must have been a dream!" she exclaimed; "but, oh, how vivid!"

Then she opened the closet door, breathlessly. She pressed her hand upon the stonework of the chimney and with a spring the masonry gave way, a large flat stone fell into her hands, and a small cavity was revealed piled full of old time-stained papers. She drew forth bundle after bundle. They were tied in separate parcels, and written closely in old French. Some appeared to relate principally to military matters, others were family documents, and upon many a broad seal was distinctly visible, similar in design to what Julien had shown her to be the Rivardie arms. There were State papers and records of state prisoners who had ended their days in Fort Niagara. But one package more voluminous than the rest attracted her attention, as it purported to be "A Record of the Deeds of Arms, Heroic Achievements and Family History of General Comte Julien Eugene de Rivardie, by his faithful Secretary, Emile de Montaigne." She plunged headlong into this document, and turning leaf after leaf she caught her mother's name. Then she read a narrative of thrilling interest to her, for it threw much light upon the history of that dear parent, of which she knew comparatively nothing. Thus occupied, she was unconscious of the passing time, until she was at last aroused by a knock at the door. Opening it hastily, she found Mary Lenox, who smilingly begged to be excused for disturbing her, but added:

"It became so very late, and you not appearing at breakfast, mamma feared you were ill. Capt. Linton urged me to come to you, while Capt. Graves laughingly assured us that he believed the ghost of the old French count had spirited you off."

"The old French count, Mary! Does his ghost really appear within these old walls?" asked Eugenie, greatly agitated.

"Nay, that I cannot answer, my dear Eugenie, never having seen the spirit; but it is a legend among the soldiers that an old Frenchman, who once commanded here, returns at times in search of buried treasures.—But do not listen with so alarmed a look, ghosts do not walk by daylight."

Eugenie seized Mary's arm, and leading her silently to the closet, pointed to the papers, saying:

"Here are his lost treasures. He came for them last night; I saw him here. He is my grandfather."

"What do you mean, Eugenie? Are you raving or dreaming?"

"Neither," replied Eugenie.

She then related the story of her last night's visitor. Mary saw the proofs of the discovery, and she could not doubt the tale.

"It must have been a dream," she said; "yet how strange! But, come, Eugenie, you are chilled from standing here so long, and quite overcome with this exciting affair. Let me assist you to dress, and after you have breakfasted you can shut yourself up from visitors in your own room, and read this narrative which so much interests you."

"And will you not read it with me, dear Mary? And you will not leave me alone again at night?" asked Eugenie, earnestly.

"No, I will not leave you alone again. But does not this relate to family affairs?"

"Yes; but you are to be trusted in all things, dear Mary. Now let me present myself to your expectant family circle."

Eugenie received the kind welcome of Mrs. Lenox and the somewhat embarrassed greeting of Capt. Linton with her usual gentle gracefulness, but when Capt. Graves jokingly commented upon the ghost, and surmised that she "had been abducted by his headless countship," a sudden pallor overspread her face, and she sank upon her seat. A look of entreaty directed towards Mary was enough, and she quickly changed the subject, proposing a ride as the day was so fine.

"Eugenie must try her strength before we take her to see the Falls, you know."

"After dinner, then," said Linton. "But how manage the matter is the question. Miss Rainscourt has not sufficiently recovered her strength to mount a horse; and I fear our whole garrison can produce no more elegant a vehicle than Dr. Fisher's old yellow gig, with the red lining."

"Not a very fashionable turnout, to be sure, Charlie," interrupted Graves, "but withal quite comfortable—at least can be made so, if Miss Rainscourt will accept me as her charioteer."

"No, indeed, Capt. Graves," interrupted Mary, quickly, "you are an execrable driver, and would be sure to overset her in the first mudhole you found. And, besides, I have set my heart upon having you for my cavalier this afternoon; there is no accounting for the caprices of woman, you know."

"No, by my faith there is not! I thought I was doing the very thing to serve you, my pretty Mary, but here you are arranging a *tit-a-tete* for your rival, as if you did not love Charlie yourself. But there is a slight quiver of your upper lip and a wild lustre of the eye that won't deceive an old campaigner."

This was the response that was prompted mentally, but not uttered.

"I shall be too happy," said he, aloud, and bow-

ing low, "to submit to any of your caprices, Miss Mary, let them be but result in so pleasant an arrangement for myself."

"Well, we must leave you," said Mary, gaily; "Eugenie has kept a long fast this morning, and matters of weighty import will engage our attention until dinner. So adieu!" and she led the way to the breakfast-room.

A few moments sufficed to dispatch Eugenie's slight repast, and the two girls were soon closeted with the documents so strangely discovered.

The first pages of the story turned upon the high descent and heroic achievements of the noble count, and the honors showered upon him by his sovereign. Then came his appointment as commander of the stronghold of the French in the wilds of America; his removal there with one gentle daughter, the Lady Melora, then a child. Here the secretary grew poetical in his description of her surpassing loveliness. Eugenie felt a glow of pride as she read of the wondrous beauty of her beloved mother, and Mary could not but recognise the very impersonation in the lovely reader, the picture was so like. There were many tales of Indian warfare and of hostilities towards the few English traders; also a description of the far-famed Falls of Niagara, then, as now, the greatest wonder of the world.

Then there was a story of deeper interest; of a young English officer, noble in birth, beautiful in person and winning in manner, brought as a prisoner within the old walls, and confined according to the usages then common in border warfare, in the dungeons of the mess-house. As might have been expected, the young lady became interested in the fate of the captive, and many comforts were conveyed to his solitary cell by the connivance of the sentinels, who all worshipped the very footprints of the maiden. At length one morning his dungeon walls were found deserted, with no clue to his escape. Deep footprints were discovered in the sand upon the beach, one bore the mark of an iron-shod heel, one was made by a moccasined foot, indicating that an Indian from the forest had been there; then there was another smaller and more delicate than either, "which certainly belonged to no denizen of the wilds," said the secretary. What his suspicions were he mentioned not, but he noted a dark frown gathering upon the brow of the count at the sight. The sentinel at the wicket gate was closely questioned, but he averred that he had neither seen nor heard anything unusual; but he did not escape punishment. After this, although he questioned not his daughter, his manner towards her grew more cold and stern, and she drooped beneath the weight of his displeasure.

Among the Indians who frequented the fort for trading and other purposes was one, a chieftain of the Tuscaroras, far superior to any of his tribe in knowledge and acquirements, having received his education at Montreal. This youthful brave was one of the finest specimens of Indian chivalry—tall, graceful, athletic and excelling in all the exercises of strength and dexterity that make up the accomplishments of his race. He had often been noticed and spoken of by the Lady Melora. At length, one day in returning from a ride, accompanied by his secretary, the count caught a glimpse of his daughter rapidly returning to the fortress by a woodland pathway, and the figure of the young savage as rapidly retreating in an opposite direction. It was enough to fire the soul of the stern father within him that his beautiful, his delicately nurtured daughter, the descendant of a long, unblemished line, should steal forth clandestinely to meet one of a despised and stricken race. Swearing, said the writer, that his daughter should never disgrace her lineage, the count and himself entered the fortress. He proceeded at once to her apartment, ordered her to confine herself strictly within its limits, and enforced his command by the extraneous aid of bolt and bar.

Many days elapsed, and the Lady Melora continued an inmate of her prison chamber.

The Indian, on making his appearance as usual at the messhouse, was received with such scorn that he hastily took his leave, and he was seen no more until one night when the secretary was on his way to his own apartments he encountered him, much to his surprise, in the western corridor leading to the great dining hall. Alarmed, he turned to seek the count, but the Indian whispered the countersign, assuring him that all was right, and that he had come at the invitation of one of the subalterns. Unfortunately he believed the story, and seeking his pillow was soon asleep; but in an hour he was suddenly awakened by the discharge of the alarm gun. Arising hastily, he found the garrison in great tumult. A sentinel lay dead in the hall, the great doors of the messhouse were opened, the wicket gate unclosed; the sentinel there averred that he had been prostrated and stunned by a blow upon his head, and when he recovered he could discern a small canoe just launched from the beach below, containing several dark objects. He immediately discharged his piece, but without effect; the light barks sped swiftly over the waves, which glanced brightly in the moonlight.

The officer on duty proceeded to the count's apartment, but to his astonishment found it vacant. A part of the uniform usually worn by him was lying on a chair; but his sword, its hilt richly jewelled, presented by his sovereign, was missing. There were traces of blood along the corridor and upon the stairs, and beside the old well there was a dark and gory pool. There were blood and fresh footprints upon the green bank and gravelly beach of the lake; and by the very water's edge lay the reeking scalp, torn, as they discovered, from the sentinel at the great doorway.

All search for the count proved vain, and his daughter must be apprised of her loss. But her room for even darker speculation. Feet and hair were both withdrawn, the room was unattended, many articles of apparel were gone, and there was every reason to conjecture that she had eloped

with the savage, the probable destroyer of her father.

Then followed details of the prosecution of the war, after which the secretary wrote in conclusion: "I have been a prisoner with the English, and at Montreal I have seen again the Lady Melora, the wife of Capt. Rainscourt of the British army, in whom I recognised the captive of the dungeons of Niagara. All was soon explained; they had loved and secretly plighted their troth, the Indian being the vehicle of communication between them. By his aid the lady escaped and joined her lover, who awaited her without the barrier. But it was then for the first time that she was informed of the darkness that hung over her father's fate. From that hour a cloud will rest upon her destiny; while he, the noble, the brave and the last of an ancient and honored name, sleeps in an unknown grave: the estates of his family, in default of male heirs, have reverted to the crown, and strangers tread in his ancestral halls."

"By the aid of Capt. Rainscourt I have been returned again to Fort Niagara. The year of 1759 is well advanced, the tide of war rolls on, the fort is beleaguered by the English and their Indian allies, under Sir William Johnson, and the exigencies of our position are about to compel our general to surrender this stronghold to the enemy. I shall gather these papers and place them in the repository of my noble lord's private documents."

(To be concluded in our next.)

EXPLOSION OF THE CITY OF MADISON.

One of the most fearful explosions that has occurred during the war, when such immense quantities of powder, in various shapes, are transported in every direction.

The City of Madison was a fine Ohio and Mississippi river steamer, chartered by Government as an ammunition transport. She was loading at Vicksburg, on the 19th of August, with ordnance stores for General Ord's Corps, the Thirtieth—seven thousand six hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, two and a half million rounds of infantry ammunition, and about two hundred packages of powder, making in all over four hundred tons of explosive material, had already been placed on board. The ammunition was being lowered into the hold by means of a hoisting machine, when, as several packages were about to be removed from the table, or waiter, of the machine, one of the deck hands in the hold, in passing a box of percussion shell from the waiter to another of the hands, let it fall, producing a terrific explosion.

The explosion of the first shell was light, but in a second's time bang, bang went hundreds of others, until communicating with the powder in packages, the explosion culminated in a dull dead sound that made the very earth tremble, tearing the hull of the City of Madison into a million pieces, and leaving the entire boat a complete wreck, not one portion of the frame work remaining attached. The loss of life on the City of Madison is estimated at from thirty to fifty—it will not exceed the latter number. Of the eighteen souls in the hold all were killed except Connolly, the second mate, Martin B. Day, and a negro, all of whom, as soon as the box fell, and before the discharge of shell had become general, made their way through the after scuttle, jumped into the river, and were picked up by a yawl and saved. The first mate, William Lea, of Cincinnati, was standing over the hatch, superintending the lowering of the ammunition, and upon seeing the box fall rushed for shore. Before he had fairly seated himself behind a barge, which was on the wharf, the explosion took place, and the boat was in ruins. The boat's crew consisted of fifty-one persons, fifteen of whom were killed and a number wounded.

Lieut. Mitchell, First Missouri Artillery, in charge of the ammunition, and many soldiers on guard, were killed. The Edward Walsh, lying close by, was severely injured. The heavy anchor of the City of Madison, weighing nearly a ton, was hurled from the fore-castle seventy-five yards up the wharf, and buried almost out of sight.

It was providential that many in the city were not killed.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, Emperor Elect of Mexico.

The portrait of the proposed successor to the throne of Montezuma and Iturbide, is not that of a man apparently fitted to found a dynasty in a troubled land. He is no Martel, no Capet, no Rudolf, Ferdinand William Joseph Maximilian, Archduke of Austria and brother of the present Emperor of that country, was born July 6, 1832, and in spite of his youth was, prior to 1859, Governor-General of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, but since that time has held no prominent position.

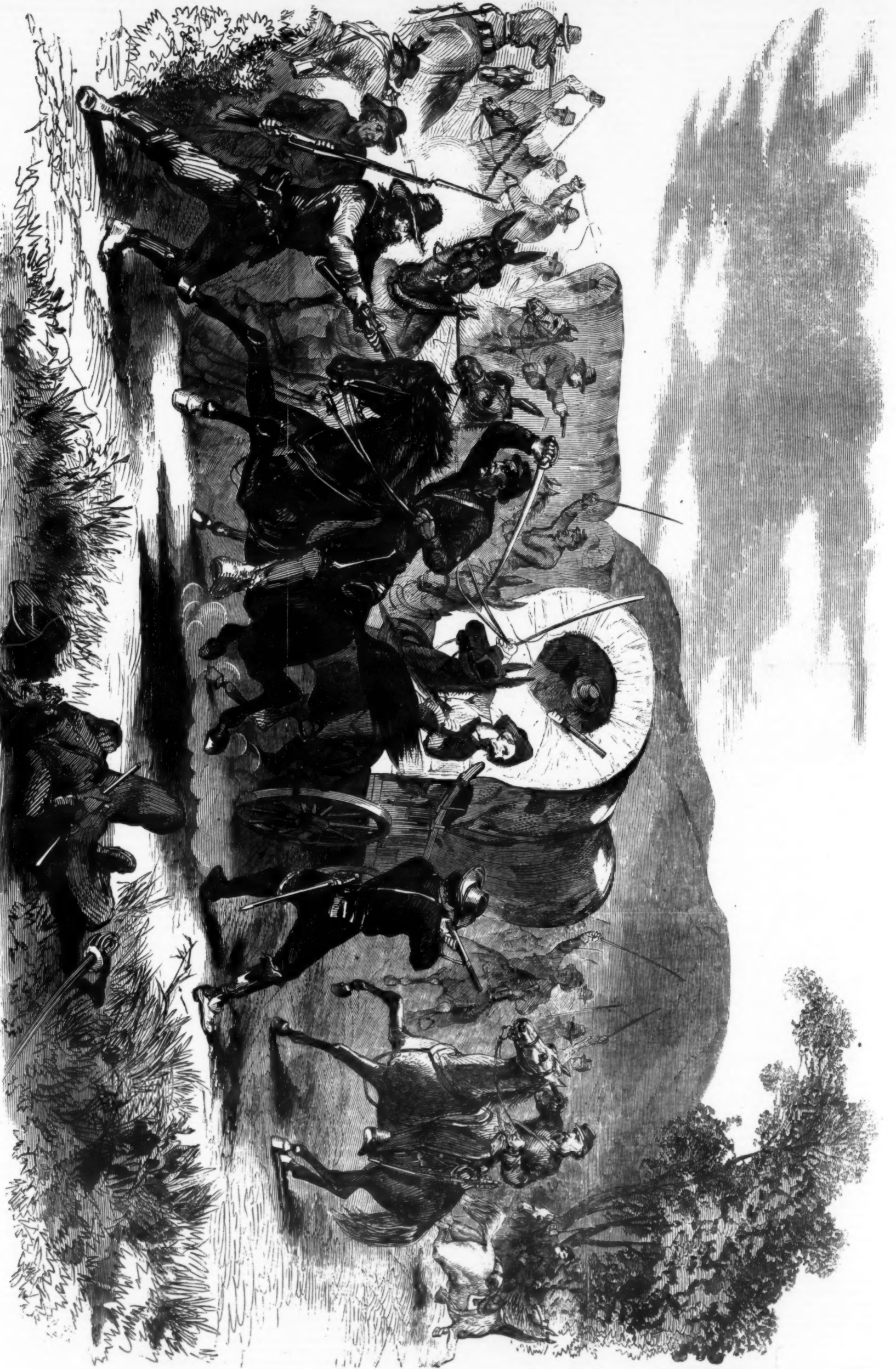
Like most princes he has a number of minor offices, and is a Vice-Admiral and member of the Admiralty Council, proprietor of the 8th regiment of Austrian Lancers, and head of the 3d Prussian regiment of Neumark Dragoons.

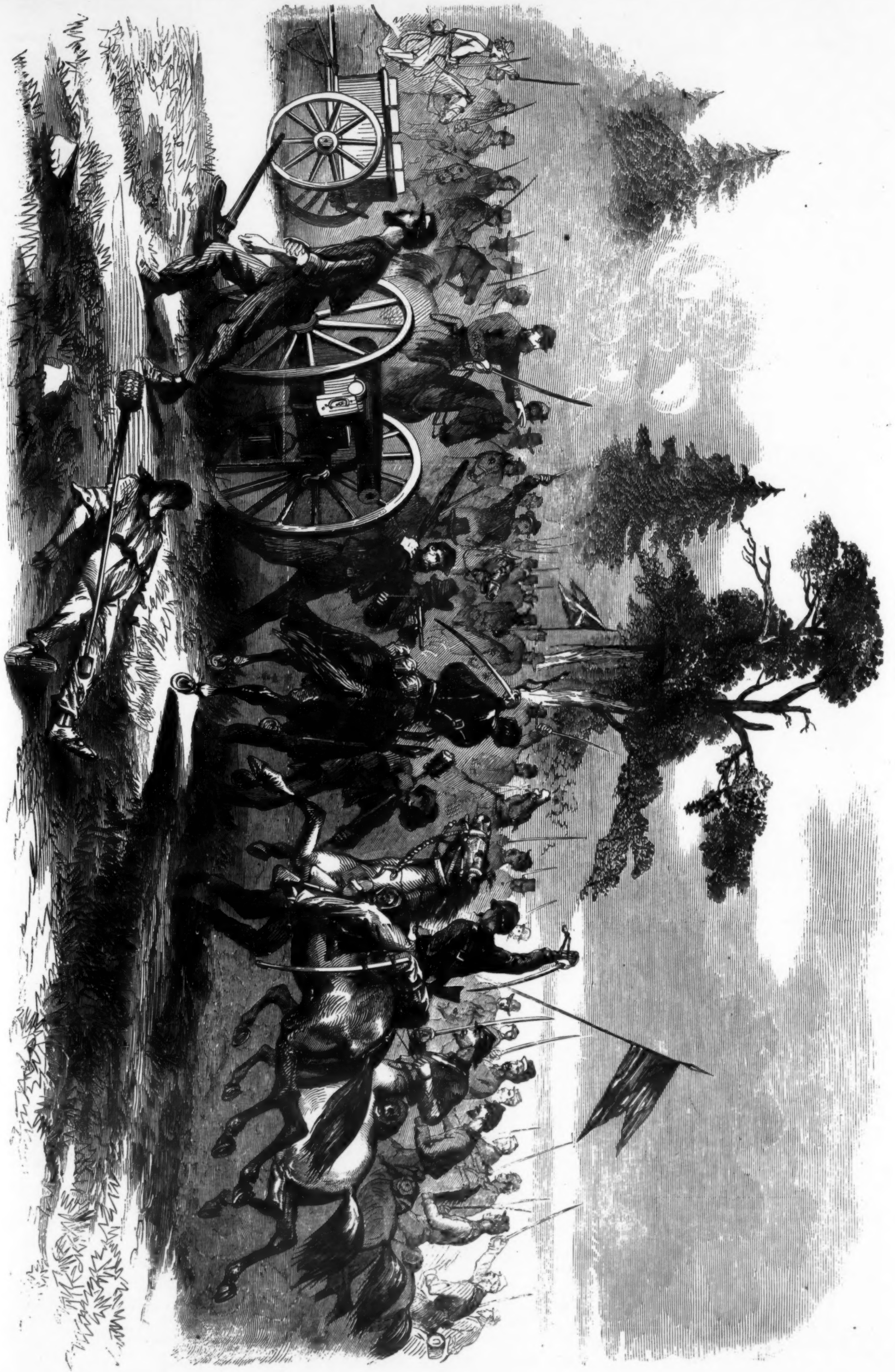
His wife, whom he married July 27, 1857, is a daughter of Leopold, King of the Belgians, and consequently a cousin of Queen Victoria and of the Count de Paris.

THE FORMATION OF ICEBERGS.—The snow which falls thickly on the Arctic islands and continents, being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which soon freezes and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow deposited on these elevations adds to their growth, and by filling up the intervals renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of 1000 or 1200 feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges into the sea, and by winds and currents is carried southwards, and finally disappears before the influence of the Gulf Stream, which throws an isothermal line from Newfoundland to the coast of Iceland, deflecting it upwards very nearly through twenty degrees of north latitude. Frequently these ponderous crystals hide as much of their proportions below the water as they expose above it, and float, grinding the rocks of the sea bottom as they go, with a force that may perhaps be visible to some future geologist when they shall be exalted the proud promontories of a new nameless continent. They carry huge boulders from the Arctic rocks and disperse them over the bed of the North Atlantic, and for the whaler they bear rich provision of fresh water, of which he spoils them.

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—In yours of yesterday I noticed an article on the "Cause of Diphtheria," attributing it to the want of salt. Such is undoubtedly the case. An eminent physician of this city (Morris, Ill.), Dr. Matthews (who has held several high positions in the State of New York in his profession), very rarely loses a case of diphtheria. In fact, out of hundreds he has but only one known of one or two who have died, and those were far gone when he was called. His great remedy is salt-petre. "A simple, saturated solution of this, given in doses of one teaspoonful every hour or two to an adult (and less to children in proportion to age), has been effectual in saving many previous lives."—*Signal*, in *Chicago Tribune*.

THE ... IN VIRGINIA—RECAPTURE OF A TRAIN FROM MOSLEY'S GUERRILLAS—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN POORE.





THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—CAPTURE OF THREE REBEL GUNS, NEAR CUIPEPER, BY GENERAL CUSTIS'S CAVALRY BRIGADE, SEPT. 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FOWLER.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears, how they quiver
and flash
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file, by the million, the rain lancers
dash,
Over mountain, and river, and town;
Thick the battle drops fall—but they drip
not in blood;
The trophy of war is the green, fresh bud;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked and the furrow is
bare;
The wells, they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore
leaves,
How they wash the wet pavement and
sweep from the eaves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See the weaver throws wide his one swinging
pane,
The kind drops dance on the floor;
And his wife brings her flowerpots to drink
the sweet rain,
On the step at the half open door;
All the time on the skylight, far over his
head,
Smiles the poor cripple lad on his hospital
bed;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where the high
mountains tower,
And the little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-headed heather nods to the
shower,
And the hill torrents lift up their voice;
And the pools in the hollows mimic the
flight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up
in light;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir wood below, near the
plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet;
How days of clear shining will come after
rain,
Waving meadows and thick growing
wheat!
So the voice of hope sings in the heart of our
fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great
nation's tears;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S
SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN
MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER LI.—MRS. MAJOR LENNARD.

MRS. BARKHAM stared at her visitor with a look of mingled horror and astonishment.

"You do not surely imagine, Miss Villars," she said, "that anybody will engage you in the responsible position of governess to their children, upon no better recommendation than your own, I must confess, rather confident assertion of your merits?"

"I never told a falsehood in my life, Miss Barkham," Eleanor answered, indignantly. "If I am without a friend whom I can ask to testify to my respectability, it is on account of circumstances which—"

"To be sure," exclaimed Miss Barkham; "that is the very thing we have to contend against. This establishment is completely overrun by young ladies, who think there is nothing easier than to turn their backs upon their friends and their homes, and go out into the world to become the instructresses of the rising generation. You think me very punctilious and straightlaced, I daresay, Miss Villars; but I don't know what would become of the rising generation if somebody didn't keep watch and word over the doors of the schoolroom. Young ladies who choose to feel unhappy in the society of their parents; young ladies who are disappointed in some sentimental affection; young ladies who fancy themselves ill-used by their elder sisters; young ladies who, from the very shallowness of their own minds, cannot be contented anywhere, all come to us, and want to go out as governesses—just for a change, they say, in the hope of finding a little employment that will divert their minds—as if they had any minds to be diverted! These are the amateur hangers-on of a very grave and respectable profession, to which hundreds of estimable and accomplished women have devoted the best and brightest years of their lives. These are the ignorant and superficial pretenders who bring their cheap and worthless wares into the market, in order to undersell the painstaking and patient teachers who have themselves learned the lessons they profess to teach. And these amateurs will continue to flourish, Miss Villars; so long as ladies, who would shudder at the idea of intrusting an expensive silk dress to an incompetent dressmaker, are willing to confide the care of their children to an instructress whose highest merit lies in the fact that she is—cheap. I do not wish to wound your feelings, Miss Villars; but I assure you I often feel sick at heart, when I see a lady who offers thirty years' experi-

ence, and all the treasures of a mind carefully and sedulously cultivated, rejected in favor of some chit of nineteen who can play one showy fantasia, and disfigure glass vases with scraps of painted paper; and who will accept twenty pounds a year in payment of services that are not worth five."

Eleanor smiled at Miss Barkham's energetic protest.

"I daresay you are often very much worried by incompetent people," she said; "but I assure you I have made no attempt to deceive you. I don't profess to do much, you know. I believe I can play pretty well. May I play you something?" she asked, pointing to an open pianoforte at one end of the room, a handsome grand, with all Erard's patent improvements, on which governesses upon their promotion were in the habit of showing off.

"I have no objection to hear you play," Miss Barkham answered; "but remember, I cannot possibly procure you a situation without either references or testimonials."

Eleanor went to the piano, took off her gloves, and ran her fingers over the keys. She had played very little during the last few months, for in the feverish preoccupation of her mind she had been unequal to any feminine employment; too restless and unsettled to do anything but roam about the house, or sit brooding silently, with her hands lying idle in her lap.

The familiar touch of the keys filled her with a strange pleasure; she was surprised at the brilliancy of her execution, as good players often are after an interval of idleness. She played one of Beethoven's most sparkling sonatas; and even Miss Barkham, who was perpetually listening to such performances, murmured a few words of praise.

But before Eleanor had been seated at the piano more than five minutes, a servant came into the room and presented a card to Miss Barkham, who rose from her seat with some appearance of vexation.

"Really, I scarcely know what to do about it," she muttered to herself. "It's almost impossible to arrange anything at such very short notice. Excuse me, Miss Villars," she added, aloud, to Eleanor, "I am obliged to see a lady in the next room. Don't go until I return."

Eleanor bowed, and went on playing. She finished the sonata; and then, suddenly catching sight of her wedding ring and the thick band of gold studded with diamonds that her husband had given her on her wedding day, she stopped to draw the two rings off her finger and put them into her purse amongst the few sovereigns that formed her whole stock of worldly wealth.

She sighed as she did this, for it seemed like putting off her old life altogether.

"It's better so," she said to herself; "I know now that Gilbert must have thought me false to him from the very first. I can understand his cold reserve now, though it used to puzzle me so much. He changed almost immediately after our marriage."

Eleanor Monckton grew very pensive as she remembered that she had been perhaps herself to blame for the altered manner, and no doubt equally altered feelings of her husband. She had neglected her duty as a wife, absorbed in her affection as a daughter; she had sacrificed the living to the dead; and she began to think that Richard Thornton's advice had been wiser than she had believed when she refused to listen to it. She had been wrong altogether. Classic vows of vengeance were all very well in the days when a Medea rode upon flying dragons and slaughtered her children upon principle; but a certain inspired teacher, writing a very long time after that much-to-be-regretted classic age, has declared that vengeance is the right of divinity alone, and far too terrible an attribute to be tampered with by fallible mortals, blindly hurling the bolts of Heaven against each others' earthly heads.

She thought this, and grew very melancholy and uncomfortable, and began to fancy that her impulses had been about the worst guides that she could have chosen. She began to think that she had not acted so very wisely in running away from Toldale Priory in the first heat of her indignation, and that she might have done better perhaps by writing a temperate letter of justification to Gilbert Monckton, and quietly abiding the issue. But she had chosen her path now, and must stand by her choice, on pain of appearing the weakest and most cowardly of women.

"My letter is posted," she said to herself. "Gilbert will receive it to-morrow morning. I should be a coward to go back; for however much I may have been to blame in the matter, he has treated me very badly."

She wiped away some tears that had come into her eyes as she took the rings from her wedding-finger, and then began to play again.

This time she dashed into one of the liveliest and most brilliant fantasias she could remember, a very *pot-pourri* of airs, a scientific hodgepodge of Scotch melodies, now joyous, now warlike and savage, now plaintive and tender, always capricious in the extreme, and running away every now and then into the strangest variations, the most eccentric cadences. The piece was one of Thalberg's *chef-d'œuvres*, and Eleanor played it magnificently. As she struck the final chords, sharp and rapid as a rattling peal of musketry, Miss Barkham re-entered the room.

She had the air of being rather annoyed, and she hesitated a little before speaking to Eleanor, who rose from the piano and began to put on her gloves.

"Really, Miss Villars," she said, "it is most incomprehensible to me, but since Mrs. Lennard herself wishes it, I—"

She stopped and fidgeted a little with the gold penicillous hanging to her watch-chain.

"I can't at all understand this sort of thing," she resumed. "However, of course I wash my hands of all responsibility. Have you any objection to travel, Miss Villars?" she asked, suddenly.

Eleanor opened her eyes with a look of astonishment at this abrupt question.

"Objection to travel?" she repeated. "I—"

"Have you any objection to go abroad—to Paris, for instance—if I could obtain you a situation?"

"Oh, no," Eleanor answered, with a sigh, "not at all; I would just as soon go to Paris as anywhere else."

"Very well, then; if that is the case, I think I can get you a situation immediately. There is a lady in the next room who was here yesterday, and who really gave me a most severe headache with her fidgety, childish ways. However, she wants to meet with a young lady as a companion immediately—that is the grand difficulty. She leaves London for Paris by this evening's mail, and she put off engaging the person she required until yesterday afternoon, when she came to me in a fever of anxiety, and wanted me to introduce her to a lady instant. She stopped all the afternoon in the next room, and I took ever so many young ladies in to her, all of whom seemed well qualified for the situation, which really demands very little. But not one of them would suit Mrs. Lennard. She was very polite to them, and made all kinds of affable speeches to them, and dismissed them in the most ladylike manner; and then she told me afterwards that she didn't take a fancy to them, and she was determined not to engage any one she didn't take a fancy to, as she wanted to be very fond of her companion, and make quite a sister of her. That was what she said, and good gracious me!" cried Miss Barkham, "how am I to find her somebody she can take a fancy to, and make a sister of, at a quarter-of-an-hour's notice? I assure you, Miss Villars, my head felt quite in a whirl after she went away yesterday afternoon; and it's beginning to be in a whirl again now."

Eleanor waited very patiently while Miss Barkham endeavored to collect her scattered senses.

"I can scarcely hope this very capricious lady will take a fancy to me," she said, smiling.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Miss Barkham, "that's the very thing I came to tell you. She has taken a fancy to you."

"Taken a fancy to me!" repeated Eleanor; "but she has not seen me."

"Of course not, my dear. But she really is the most confusing, I may almost say bewildering, person I ever remember meeting with. I was in the next room talking to this Mrs. Lennard, who is very pretty and fashionable-looking, only a little untidy in her dress, when you began to play that Scotch fantasia. Mrs. Lennard stopped to listen, and after she had listened a few moments she cried out suddenly, 'Now I dare say that's an old frump!' I said, 'What, ma'am?' for, upon my word, my dear, I didn't know whether she meant the piece, or the piano, or what. 'I dare say the lady who's playing is an old frump,' she said. 'Old frumps almost always play well; in point of fact, old frumps are generally very clever. But I'm determined not to have any one I can't make a sister of, and I must have one by three o'clock this afternoon, or Major Lennard will be cross, and I shall go mad.' Well, Miss Villars, I told Mrs. Lennard your age, and described your appearance and manners, that is to say, as well as I was able to do so after our very brief acquaintance, and I had no sooner finished than she exclaimed, 'That will do; if she can play Scotch melodies like that, and is nice, I'll engage her.' I then explained to Mrs. Lennard that you could give no references; 'and that, of course,' I added, 'would be an insuperable objection;' but she interrupted me in a manner that would have appeared very impertinent in any one but her, and cried out, 'Insuperable fiddlesticks! If she's nice I'll engage her. She can play to me all the morning while I paint upon velvet; and you're to come with me, please Miss Villars, and be introduced to her.'"

Eleanor took up her muff and followed Miss Barkham on to the landing; but at this moment three ladies appeared upon the top stair, and the principal of the establishment was called upon to receive them.

"If you'll go in by yourself, my dear," she whispered to Eleanor, pointing to the door of the back drawing-room, "I shall be much obliged; you'll find Mrs. Lennard a most affable person."

Eleanor readily assented. She opened the door and went into the primly-furnished back drawing-room. Mrs. Major Lennard was a little woman, and she was standing on tiptoe upon the hearth-rug, in order to survey herself in the chimney-glass while she rearranged the pale blue strings of her black velvet bonnet. Eleanor paused near the door, waiting for her to turn round, and wondering what she was like, as the face in the glass was not visible from where Mrs. Monckton stood.

The lady employed a considerable time in the important operation of tying her bonnet-strings, then suddenly hearing the rustling of Eleanor's dress as she advanced a few paces, Mrs. Lennard uttered an exclamation, and turned round.

"You naughty girl, you quite startled me," she cried.

Not so much as she had startled Eleanor, who could not repress a cry of surprise at the sight of her face. It was a very pretty face, very young-looking, though Mrs. Major Lennard was nearly forty years of age. A fair childish face, with pink cheeks, turquoise-blue eyes, and the palest, softest bands of flaxen hair; rather an insipid, German kind of beauty, perhaps, but very perfect of its kind.

But that which had startled Eleanor was not the babyish, delicate prettiness of the face, but the strong resemblance which it bore to Laura Mason. It was the same face after twenty years, not of wear and tear, but of very careful preservation. This lady, in appearance and manner, was exactly what Laura must most surely become if she lived to be seven-and-thirty years of age.

CHAPTER XLII.—GOING BACK TO PARIS.

ELEANOR was so completely bewildered by this

extraordinary likeness that she remained for some moments staring at Mrs. Major Lennard in silent surprise.

"Goodness me, my dear!" exclaimed the lady, "how astonished you look! I hope I'm not a guy. Frederick—that's Major Lennard, you know—never liked this bonnet, and really I'm beginning quite to dislike it myself. I do think its pokey. But never mind that, my dear Miss—Villars, I think Miss Barkham said—a very nice person, Miss Barkham, isn't she, but rather prim. I've got all sorts of business to settle between this and eight o'clock, for Fred will travel by the night-mall, because he sleeps all the way, and of course that makes the journey shorter—in consequence of which I've never seen Dover except in the dark, and I always think of it with the lamps lighted and the pier slippery, and everybody hurrying and pushing, like a place in a dream. But the first question, my dear, that we've got to settle is whether you like me, and think you could make a sister of me?"

This question, asked very eagerly, was really too much for poor Eleanor.

"Oh, please don't look so surprised," Mrs. Lennard exclaimed, entreatingly; "you make me fancy I'm a guy, and you see there's really no time to be lost, and we must decide immediately, if you please. I was here all yesterday afternoon, and I saw legions of ladies, but there wasn't one that I could take a fancy to, and my only motive for engaging a companion is to have somebody that I shall like very much, and always feel at home with, and I want some one who can play the piano and be agreeable and lively, and I'm sure you're the very person, dear; and if you only think you can like me as well as I'm sure I shall like you, we can settle the business at once."

"But you know that I can give you no references," Eleanor said, hesitatingly.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Lennard. "Miss Barkham told me all about it. As if I thought you'd committed a murder, or done something horrid, just because you can't pounce upon half-a-dozen people ready to declare you're an uncanonised saint all in a moment. I like your looks, my dear, and when I like people's looks at first sight I generally like them afterwards. And you play magnificently, I only wish I could; and I used to play the overture to 'Semiramide' before I was married, but as Frederick doesn't like overtures, and as we've been scampering about the world ever since, in the cabins of ships, and in tents, and all sorts of places where you couldn't have pianos, unless you had them made on purpose, without legs, I have gone backwards in my music till I can't play so much as a polka without skipping the difficult parts."

Mrs. Lennard went on to say that the matter of salary was a question to be settled between Miss Villars and the major.

"I always leave money matters to Frederick," she said, "for though he can't add up the bills, he looks as if he could, and that's some check upon people. But you'll have to wait for your quarter's money now and then, I dare say, dear, because we're often a little behind hand, you know, and if you don't mind that, it'll be all the better for you, as Fred's almost sure to give you a silk dress when your quarter comes due, and he can't pay you; that's what he calls a sop to Cerberus, and I'm sure the money he spends in keeping people 'sweet' as he calls it, would keep us altogether if we paid ready money. Now, is it a settled thing, Miss Villars? Will you accept the situation?"

Eleanor assented without hesitation. She heard very little of Mrs. Lennard's goodnatured babble. Her whole mind was absorbed by the sense of her defeat, and by the feeling that she had no further chance of a victory over Lancelot Darrell. She despaired, but she did not submit. She was only desperate and reckless, ready to go anywhere, and finish the useless remainder of her existence anyhow. She was not prepared to begin a new life upon a new plan, casting the old scheme of her life behind her as a mistake and a delusion. She was not able to do this yet.

While Mrs. Lennard was gathering together a lot of frivolous-looking whitey-brown paper parcels, that seemed to bear a strong family resemblance to herself, Miss Barkham came into the room to ascertain the result of the interview between the two ladies. Mrs. Lennard expressed herself in the most rapturous manner about Eleanor, paid some small fee for the benefit of the institution, and departed, carrying her parcels and taking Eleanor with her.

She allowed her companion to assist her with the parcels, after a little goodnatured contention, and at the nearest corner summoned a cab which was dawdling lazily along.

"Of course the man will overcharge us," Mrs. Lennard said, "but we must be prepared for that, and really I'd rather be overcharged than have a row, as we generally have when I'm with the major, and summonses and counter-summonses, and all sorts of disagreeables; not that I mind that half so much as foreign cabmen, who get excited and dance upon the pavement and make wild noises if you don't satisfy them; and I'm sure I don't know what would satisfy foreign cabmen."

Mrs. Lennard took out her watch, which was a pretty little Geneva toy with an enamelled back, ornamented with the holes that had once held diamonds. An anxious and intensely studious expression came over Mrs. Lennard's face as she looked at this watch, which was overweighed by a heap of incomprehensible charms, amongst which chaotic mass of golden frivolity, a skeleton, a water-pot, a coffin and a Dutch oven were distinguishable.

"It's half-past five by me," Mrs. Lennard said, after a profound contemplation of the Geneva, "so I should think it must be about a quarter to three."

Eleanor took out her own watch and settled the question. It was only half-past two.

"Then I've gained another quarter of an hour,"

exclaimed Mrs. Lennard; "that's the worst of pretty watches, they always will go too much, or else stop altogether. Freddy bought me my watch, and he gave me my choice as to whether he should spend the money in purple enamel and diamonds, or works, and I chose the purple enamel. But then, of course, I didn't know the diamonds would drop out directly," Mrs. Lennard added, thoughtfully.

She drove about to half-a-dozen shops and collected more whitey-brown paper parcels, a band-box, a birdcage, a new carpet-bag, a dog's collar, a packet of tea and other incongruous merchandise, and then ordered the man to drive to the Great Northern Hotel.

"We're staying at the Great Northern, my dear," she said, after giving this order. "We very often stay at hotels, for Frederick thinks it's cheaper to pay fifteen shillings a day for your rooms than to have a house and servants' wages and coals and candles, and lard, and blacklead, and hearthstone, and all those little things that run way with so much money. And I should like the Great Northern very much if the corridors weren't so long and the waiters so stern. I always think waiters at grand hotels are stern. They seem to look at one as if they knew one was thinking of the bill and trying to calculate whether it would be under ten pounds. But oh, good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Lennard, suddenly, "what a selfish creature I am, I've quite forgotten all this time that of course you'll want to go home to your mamma and papa, and tell them where you're going, and get your boxes packed and all that."

Eleanor shook her head with a sad smile. "I have no mother or father to consult," she said; "I am an orphan."

"Are you?" cried Mrs. Lennard; "then it must have been our destiny to meet, for I am an orphan too. Ma died while I was a baby, and poor pa died soon after my marriage. He was disappointed in my marriage, poor dear old thing, though I'm glad to think it wasn't that, but gout in the stomach, that killed him. But you'll want to see your friends, Miss Villars, won't you, before you leave London?"

"No," Eleanor answered; "I shall write to the only friends I have. I don't want to see any one; I don't want any one to know where I am going. I left my portmanteau at an hotel in Norfolk street, and I shall be glad if you will let me call for it."

Mrs. Lennard gave the necessary order; the cabman drove to the hotel where Eleanor had left her portmanteau, and thence to the Great Northern, where Mrs. Lennard conducted her new companion to a very handsome apartment on the ground floor, opening into a palatial bed-chamber, whose splendor was a good deal impaired by the circumstances that the stately Arabian bed, the massive easy-chairs, the sofa, the dressing-table, and even the washstand were loaded with divers articles of male and female attire, which seemed to have been flung here and there by some harmless maniac disporting himself about the room.

In the very centre of all this disorder, upon a great black leather military travelling-case, sat a big broad-chested man of about forty, with a good-natured, sunburnt face, a very fierce auburn moustache, and a thick stubble of crisp, wavy, auburn hair, cut close to his head, in the development of which a disciple of Mr. George Combe would have scarcely discovered the organs that make a man either a general or a philosopher. This sunburnt, good-humored-looking gentleman had taken off his coat for the better accomplishment of his herculean labors; and with his arms folded and his legs crossed, with an embroidered slipper balanced upon the extremity of his toes, and a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, he sat resting himself, after taking the initiatory step of dragging everything out of the drawers and wardrobe.

"Oh, you lazy Freddy!" cried Mrs. Lennard, looking in at her lord and master with a reproachful countenance, "is that all you've done?"

"Where's the blue barge with the flounces to go?" roared the major, in the voice of an amiable stentor. "I couldn't do anything till I knew that, and I've been waiting for you to come home. Have you got a companion?"

"Hush! Yes; she's in the next room. Such a dear; and awfully pretty! If you stare at her much I shall be jealous, Freddy, for you know you are a starrer, though you never will confess it. I've seen you, in Regent street, when you've thought I've been looking at the bonnets," added the lady reproachfully.

Upon this the major got up, and, lifting his wife in his arms, gave her such a hug as a well-disposed bear might have bestowed upon the partner of his den. Major Lennard was about six feet one and a half in the embroidered slippers, and was as strong as a gladiator in good training.

"Come and be introduced to her," exclaimed Mrs. Lennard; and she led her husband, in his shirt-sleeves, nothing abashed, into the adjoining sitting-room.

The major's conversational powers were not very startling. He made a few remarks about the weather, which were more courteous than original. He asked Eleanor if she was hungry, if she would have luncheon, or wait for a six o'clock dinner, and if she was a good sailor. Then, coming suddenly to a standstill, he demanded soda-water and brandy.

It was the habit of this amiable man to require this beverage on every possible occasion. He was by no means a drunkard, though he was one of those good-natured noisy creatures who can never be convivial without getting tipsy; but his existence was one perpetual absorption of soda-water and brandy. Why he drank this mixture, which the uninitiated are apt to consider insipid, was a mystery only to be explained by himself. He could not have been perpetually thirsty; and I am inclined to think that this soda-water and brandy was the desperate resource of a feeble intellect craving some employment, rather than a physical want.

The major and his wife retired to the bedroom,

and began their packing. When matters grew very desperate Eleanor was summoned as a forlorn hope, and did her best to reduce the chaos into something like order. This process occupied the time until six o'clock, when the major put on his coat and sat down to dinner.

But even during dinner the packing business was not altogether suspended, for every now and then, when there was a little pause in the banquet, Mrs. Lennard jumped up from the table, and ran into the next room with her workbox, or her desk, or something from the mantelpiece or one of the sofa-tables—sometimes a book, sometimes a paper-knife, a thimble, a pair of scissors, a penwiper or a packet of envelopes—and then scampered back to her place before the waiter entered the room, and tried to look as if she hadn't left her seat. The major meanwhile worked steadily on with his knife and fork, only looking up from his plate to attend to the wants of Eleanor and his wife.

At last everything was ready. The addresses were fastened to the boxes and portmanteaus. A bewildering cannerybird, which rejoiced in every kind of noise and confusion, and had been exuberantly loud and shrill all the afternoon, was inducted into the new brass cage which Mrs. Lennard had bought for it. A sharp little black-and-tan terrier, the property of the major, was invested in the new collar and securely padlocked; Eleanor and Mrs. Lennard put on their shawls and bonnets; the major made himself gigantic by the addition to his normal bulk of a rough greatcoat, a Scotch plaid, and half-a-dozen yards of woollen comforter; the bill was paid at the very last moment, while the luggage was being piled upon the top of an extra cab; and Major Lennard and his companions departed at a rattling pace for the London Bridge terminus. There was just time enough for the major to get the tickets and choose a comfortable carriage before the train started. Away they flew through the darkness of the bleak March night, and Eleanor felt that every throb of the shrieking engine made the step that she had taken more irrevocable.

"There was not a word in Gilbert's letter that expressed sorrow at parting from me," she thought. "I had worn out his love, I suppose."

It was eleven o'clock when they got to Dover. Major Lennard slept all the way, with the lapets of his travelling cap, which was a sort of woollen caricature of a Knight Templar's helmet, drawn closely over his ears. Mrs. Lennard, who was very wide awake all the time, sat opposite to her husband with the canary bird on her lap. She had grown quiet at last, and had retired from the world under a tent of green baize. The bird's mistress made up for his silence by talking incessantly throughout the journey; but it only seemed to Eleanor as if she had a second Laura for her companion, and the succession of her own sad thoughts was scarcely broken by Mrs. Lennard's conversation.

They arrived in Paris the next morning in time for breakfast at the great Hotel du Palais, a monstrous building newly erected, and rich in the glitter of gilding and the glow of color. Here the major took up his abode, after deliberately expounding to his wife and Eleanor the theory that the best and most expensive hotels are always the cheapest in the end. This moral had been the rule of the major's life, and had very often brought him alarmingly near the awful abysses of insolvency.

The gorgeous apartments in which Eleanor found herself were very unlike the low-ceilinged little sitting-room in the Rue de l'Archevêque; but her mind went back to that sad time nevertheless. She spent the morning in the agreeable employment of unpacking Mrs. Lennard's wardrobe, while the major and his wife sailed out of the great hotel to sun themselves in the Rue Rivoli and on the Boulevards, and to wind up with a drive in the Bois, and a little dinner at Vélours'. When she had completed this most wearisome task, and had arranged all the scraps of lace and ribbons, the gloves and collars and feminine furbelows in a built chest of drawers and a gorgeous ebony and gold wardrobe, Mrs. Monckton put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out into the busy street.

The tears rushed up to her eyes as she looked at the bright vista before her, and heard the roll of the drum, and the tramp of soldiers' feet in the courts of the Louvre. Yes, there was the street along which she had walked by her father's side on the last day of his blighted life. Her hands clenched themselves involuntarily as she remembered that day; and that other bitter day of anguish in which she had knelt upon the ground and sworn to be revenged upon George Vane's enemy.

How had she kept her oath? She smiled bitterly as she thought of the four years that had passed since then, and the strange chance that had flung Launcelot Darrell in her way.

"I went away from this place while he was here," she thought. "I come back to it now that he is in England. Is it my destiny, I wonder, always to fall in everything I attempt?"

She went to the Rue de l'Archevêque. Nothing was changed. The same butcher was busy in the shop; the same faded curtains of flowered damask hung behind the windows.

(To be continued.)

USEFUL TO ALL.—Rickards & Co., of 102 Nassau Street, have put up a package in which so many requisites for correspondence are included that it requires memory to recollect all the articles—papers, pens, ink, wafers, wax, envelopes, &c. Their packages are the completest things of the kind ever sold, and are equally valuable for the army and the household. It is worth 25 cents merely to see how ingeniously every want has been anticipated in the way of correspondence. Indeed, nothing but their facilities for purchasing cheaper than other persons, and the small profit they require by reason of their enormous sales, could enable them to supply such a want.

There is a man in Oxford lives so fast, that he is now absolutely older than his father.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

If we may judge from what we hear in the great emporiums of fashion, in Tiffany's, Ball & Black's, Stewart's, and in the various *Magasins des Modes*, we are to have the most brilliant season ever known in New York. In the rarest and most costly jewellery, and in the most superb and expensive dresses, untold heaps of wealth have been expended in anticipation of the coming season. The lower stratum of society has been hurried up to the surface, and has hardly become accustomed to the unexpected elevation. The contract-aristocracy will outvie all others this year; they will be ablaze with diamonds, and gorgeous in satins and velvets; they will be the observed of all observers, and if notoriety is their aim they will have all and more than they desire. The old habitués of the opera will have enough to do to find out who their overdressing neighbors are, and we fear that the singers will share but little of their attention for the first few nights. We do not object to this sort of thing, because we know that everything must have a beginning, and that if this rapidly-acquired wealth is not as suddenly dissipated in the intoxication of fashionable ambition, the second or third generation of the *nouveaux riches* will become accustomed to their position, and will bear their social elevation gracefully. This sudden influx of vulgar-rich people will make the real aristocracy of the city still more exclusive, and will create a stronger line of social demarcation than has ever before existed. This will, however, have but little influence upon our new millionaires, who will launch out in all the extravagance of matinees, soirées, balls, the opera and the thousand avenues by which wealth can be squandered and excitement achieved. Well, it will benefit trade, and will probably make the winter less bitter to the poor. We did not intend to preach or to moralise, but merely to say that the indications of a brilliant opera season are already made manifest in the feverish desire to obtain the best boxes and most prominent seats for the first nights. There will be a tremendous rivalry for position, and all this will cause money to flow into the treasury, and enable Max Maretzek to be lavish of expenditure in the production of his operas.

For the first time in this country we shall have a German Opera Company complete and excellent in all its departments, even to that brilliant accessory, a first-class ballet. It will also be given in a place to which the fashionable world, without exception, can go, and be in no danger of compromising their social position; we mean the Academy of Music. Mr. Anschütz has been indefatigable in his endeavors, and has been successful in making many valuable engagements abroad. He has been drilling his chorus for some weeks, and intends to produce his operas in a style as near perfect as possible.

Gottschalk's concerts will positively commence on Monday evening next, the 28th inst.

The concert season promises to be both brilliant and interesting. Mr. Theodore Thomas announces three grand concerts with large orchestras, in which rare musical novelties will be presented. We know he will fulfil his promises, for he is one of the most earnest musicians we have amongst us. The Philharmonic Society is thoroughly aroused and is determined to take the lead in the production of the finest works in the finest style. It has all the means, it has the prestige of fashion, and it only needs the will to leave all competition far in the rear. Mr. J. N. Pattison, the pianist, who has made such rapid strides in critical and popular opinion during the present year, purposes to give at least six grand concerts during the season. He, too, is a thorough musician, ambitious in his art and capable of assuming and maintaining the first position in his profession. Whatever he does he will surely do well, and he has this advantage to aid him in his enterprise, that he has for his supporters the best and the most influential members of our musical circles. He is popular everywhere, and is everywhere recognized as a rising man. From these facts we augur for his concerts a brilliant success.

We have had Edwin Forrest, on three of his nights last week at Niblo's, as Brutus in Howard Payne's tragedy of the same name. On the remaining night he appeared as Othello. We have already spoken of him last season as the "jealous Moor"; but as he has not appeared in the first-named character in New York for 10 years, more or less, we have not had occasion to comment upon his performance of the last. We shall consequently confine our critical remarks to his Brutus. Although not one of Homer's heroes, this character is Homeric. This, however, does not result from its treatment by Howard Payne, so much as it does from the broad and powerful manner in which the artist has seized upon the salient points of the part, and the large and thoroughly honest manner in which he evolves them. We use the last adjective advisedly, as applied to Edwin Forrest, for he employs less stage trick to produce his striking effects than any other great actor whom we have seen. His manner of working his characters is pre-eminently straightforward. His points do not result from his crushing his supporters, in order to give value to himself by preventing theirs. On the contrary, they are clearly at liberty to make their telling points wherever it is available. Where he shines it is either by his splendid oratory, his philosophical analysis of the character, his power, his shrewd study of nature, or his tenderness. For the second of these qualities, Brutus affords small scope. For the others it is most remarkable. He has evidently studied the folly of Brutus keenly, with a view to make it both sufficiently assumed to be felt by the outside observer as a simulated folly, while it is sufficiently true to be felt as a probable deception by those around him. His rapid transitions from this simulation to his true character were a noble piece of acting. So was his scene with Titus when he condemns him to the axe. His subdued paternal anguish and his rigid Roman justice were admirably rendered. His greatest scene, however, was that with Scævus Tarquin, when, throwing aside the mask of idocy, he speaks with the passion of a freeman, and stands forth as the foreshadowed liberator of Rome from the yoke of that accursed family. We ought also to make an exception to the rule imposed upon us by the contracted space we have at our disposal for theatrical criticism, and call attention to Mr. McCullough's Titus, which was in almost every respect an excellent performance.

The engagement of Mrs. D. P. Bowers closed last week at Winter Garden. It proved a great success for herself and the management. Mr. Edwin Booth will be the star at Winter Garden for some time to come. He commenced on Monday last with the personation of Hamlet, in which character he has achieved his greatest triumphs. His popularity in this city is the best evidence of his talent, for in no other place is criticism more general and severe, and in no other place is his success more unequivocal. His performances never fail to attract intelligent and overflowing audiences, and a large proportion of these believe him to have no equal in the country. We have at this time two Richmonds in the field, and the admirers of each will take care that the rivalry shall not lack of excitement. We are glad to see that the stage management has been entrusted to that competent and popular actor Mr. A. H. Davenport. His experience will enable him to do justice, if the power is given him, to the mass of scenes of all the pieces produced during Mrs. Booth's engagement.

Wallack's Theatre will be a silent establishment for a few days, when it will be opened to the public with all its usual manifold and stirring attractions. Mr. Theodore Moss, the father of the supernatural visitants of the great American Republic, has sent his ghost to grass—at least he has put up, as it is upon the bill-poster—just with just enough to support ability, until such a time as it will be convenient to sue

for a writ of *habeas corpus* to remove the restraint of exorcism put upon that respectable spirituality by James Wallack, Sen., Esq. Mr. Moss has undoubtedly made something very tangible out of an intangibility.

Mr. Braun, though last to hold communication with spirits either of an earthly or ethereal nature, has gone ahead of all creation, for his is a sevenfold Ghost, and not a one-headed specimen. We felt assured that the science which had produced what we had already seen could do something very much better, and our belief has been sustained, for the Ghost effect at the Museum is far, very far superior to anything yet exhibited in New York. It is really curious and wonderful, and we are not surprised that it crowds the Lecture-room of the Museum both afternoon and evening to witness its mysterious comings and goings. "Brumhilda," the drama in which it is introduced, is full of intense and exciting interest, and we have rarely seen an audience held in such bonds of awe and expectation as during its performance. It is altogether a remarkable representation.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LITTLE girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came idly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she panted and said: "Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Harry."

The newsboys make the most of the sensation head lines with which the telegraphic dispatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually silent, a friend of ours asked: "What's the news, my son?" "Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler!" News with "nothing to holler" is a bad fix for the newsboys.

"WORDSWORTH," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now if I had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

A GENTLEMAN at a Ladies' Fair lately, being solicited to buy something by a young creature who kept a table, said he wanted what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl, and received the sum asked for it, one hundred dollars. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend.

"She rather had you," said the friend; "to my certain knowledge she only paid three dollars for the whole wig."

"MASS TOM! Oh, Mass Tom! howse I goin to get down dis ladder?" "Come down the same way you went up, you blockhead!" replied the master, running out to see what was the matter. "De same way as I come up, Mass Tom?" "Yes, confound you, and don't bother me any more!" "Well, if I must, I must!"—and down came the little darkey head foremost.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, of London, has a reputation for coarse wit. Here is a little specimen of it: "And you, misguided sinner, you who go and give ninepence or twopenny a pound for your beef and your mutton, and when I offer you the lamb of God for nothing at all, you won't have it!"

ALMOST frozen and dying of hunger, we saw a wounded whale struggling on the ice. We were so hungry we could hardly refrain from eating it raw; but upon my suggestion, we proceeded to fry the whale entire. We did so, and found its flesh as tender as salmon. How did we fry it? where did we get the frying-pan? Why, I'll tell you. We started a fire on the ice and let it burn till it became red-hot, and then we rolled the fish on it, and in an hour it was done to a turn.

A DUTCH farmer, just clad in the ermine of a justice of the peace, had his first marriage in this way. He first said to the man:

"Vell, you wants to be marrit, do you?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Vell, you loveh dis woman so good as any woman you have ever seen?"

"Yes."

"Then to the woman:

"Vell, do you loveh dis man so better as anyman you have ever seen?"

She hesitated a little, and he repeated:

"Vell, vell, do you like him so vell as to be his wife?"

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"Vell, dat is all any reasonable man can expect; so you are both marrit. I pronounce you man and wife."

The man drew out his pocketbook, and asked the justice what was to pay.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all: you are welcome to it if it will do you any good."

A CERTAIN green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pier glass, which he took for a door, he said:

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?"

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated:

"I say, mister, when does this boat start?"

Innocent at the still silent figure, he broke out:

"Go to thunder! you durned sassaparilla-colored, shockheaded bullcalf; you don't look as if you knew much, anyhow!"

AN Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as she was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

WHEN Bishop Bloomfield was incumbent of Chesterford, he once asked a schoolgirl:

"What do you mean by succoring your father and mother?"

"Giving on 'em milk!" was the reply.

MAY a man be called poverty-stricken when knocked down by a beggar?

THE drafted editor of the Providence Journal has just found how many friends he has. People said: "What! young enough to be drawn! Who would have thought it?" In fifteen minutes came into the office to tender their services two or three gentlemen ready to do the "leaders," one witty paragraphist, one reliable gentleman, one intelligent contraband, one deceiver who had always been a Union man, one veracious lady who had escaped from rebellion, and one local reporter good for the late hours. All the visitors appeared to be laboring under physical disabilities. The owner of three 100 pound iron shells offered them for the editor's knapsack. The editor understood that the Government designed to use him as a Brigadier-General.

THE way the Mississippi is opened to trade is explained by a New Orleans newspaper who went up to Port Hudson. On his return he was asked if he saw the surrender.

"Oh, yes, I went in with the army."

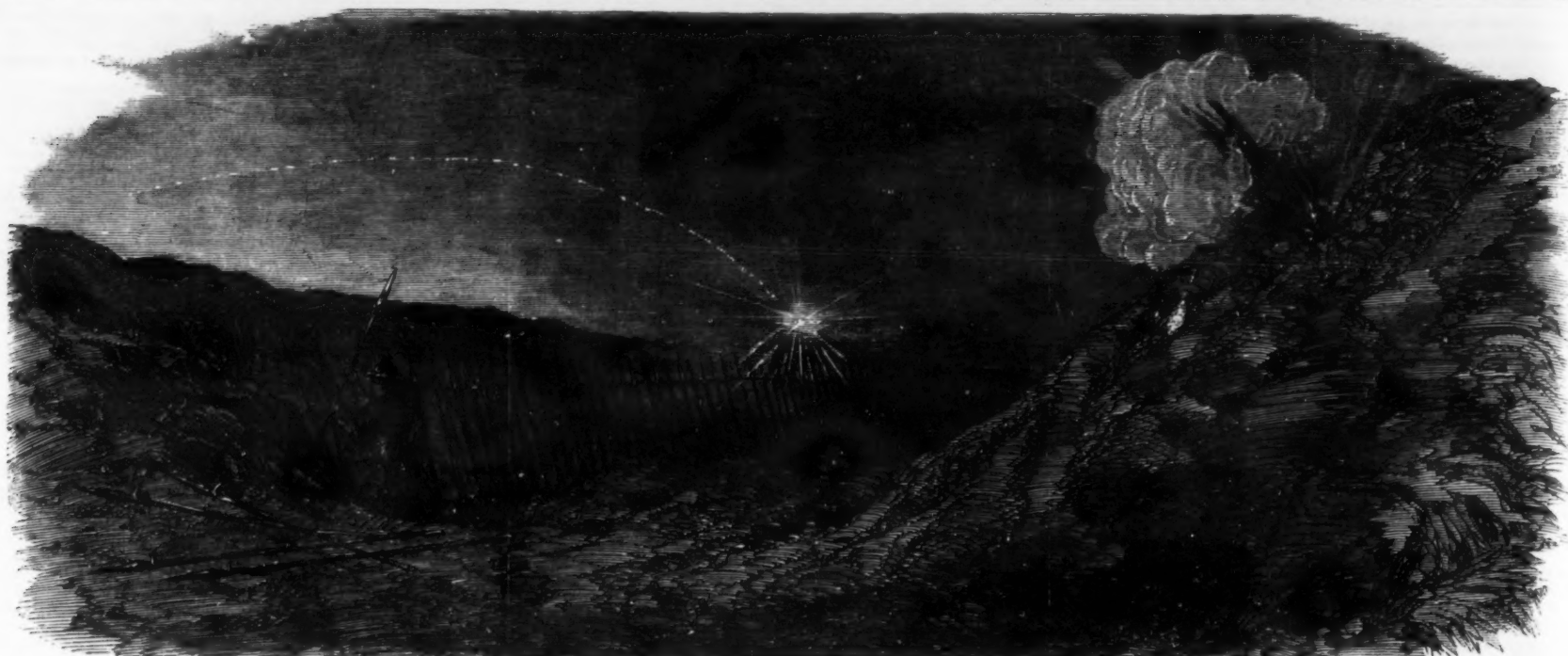
"What did they do?"

"Gardner gup up his sword, and then they raised the stars and stripes on the flagstaff."

WHY is a drunkard hesitating to sign a pledge like a sceptical Hindu? Because he doubts whether to give up the worship of Juggernaut.

SOUL is stronger than circumstance. If a girl is a fool in silks, will she be any the less a fool in calico?

THE prejudice at first existing against steel collars has entirely disappeared, where Mr. Wallack's examined collars are worn. There are numbers of ill-fated men in the highest and most distinguished circles of the most civilized communities, who are in the habit of wearing a large assortment in every season.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—CAPT. JOSEPH WALKER, 1ST N. Y. ENGINEERS, REMOVING PIKE FRIEZE IN THE COUNTERSCARP OF FORT WAGNER BEFORE THE EVACUATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General Custen's Brilliant Capture of Rebel Cannon.

THE ARMY of the Potomac is again in motion, and we shall soon learn whether Lee is in force to meet his old friend Meade or not. General Pleasanton on the 14th drove the rebels back on Culpeper, and General Custen with his brigade came up with Stuart's horse artillery, which he charged twice himself at the head, and the second time took guns, limbers, horses and men. His horse was killed by a round shot, which wounded the General in the leg and killed a bugler behind him.

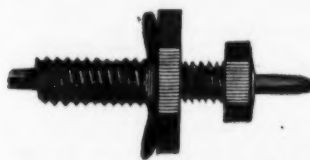
Our Artist gives a spirited view of this brilliant affair, which explains the item in rebel news that Stuart's star is waning.

Recapturing Wagons from Guerillas.

Virginia and the banks of the Mississippi are alike infested with guerillas, which take every occasion to pounce on army trains and sutlers' wagons. Our cavalry, if they cannot prevent the capture of them, overtake and punish the thieves. Our Artist sends a fine sketch of a party of our cavalry wresting from their hands their ill-got booty.

PRESENTATION OF A SWORD TO GENERAL MEADE.

THE Pennsylvania Reserves, with which General Meade fought his first campaigns and earned his first laurels, Aug. 28, presented a magnificent sword to him, at the headquarters of General Crawford. The tents of the General and his staff, and also one intended for the special accommodation of Governor Curtin, were highly ornamented



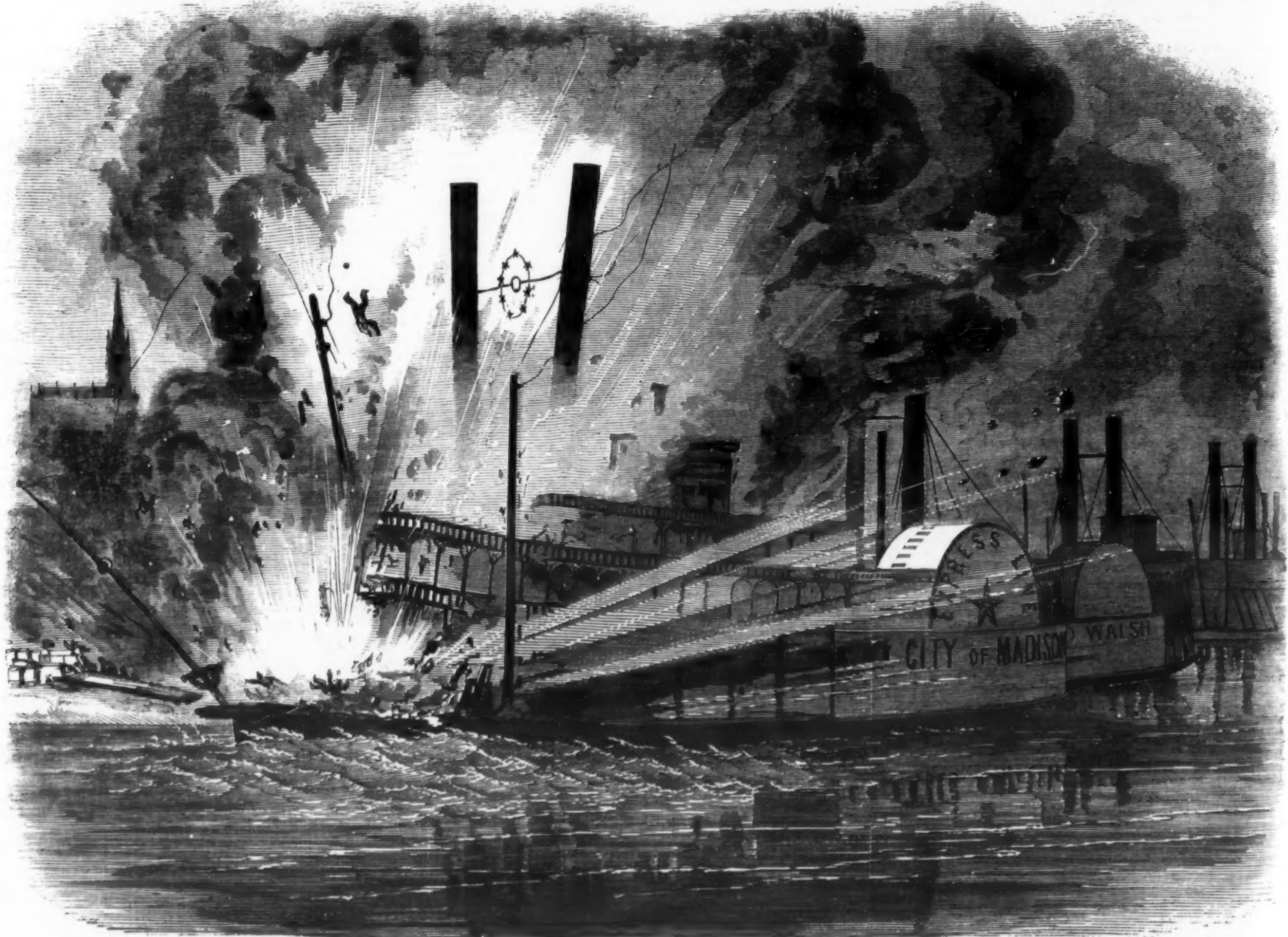
SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—REBEL TORPEDO.—SKETCHED BY W. T. CRANE.

The stand from which the presentation took place was covered with a Gothic cedar arch, under which the American flag was gracefully festooned, and a fine representation of the American eagle, composed entirely of cedar, capped the arch and attracted a good deal of attention. The arrangement of these decorations was made under the immediate superintendence and upon the designs of Captain Auchmuty, Adjutant-General of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. The crowd of officers that surrounded the ivy-covered stand, and the large number of privates drawn up regularly in lines outside of the enclosure, with the cavalry in the rear with their flags and guidons; the delicious breeze, the splendid autumnal panorama, and an expanse showing a wide level plain, extending for miles; the closing of the day; the deserted mansion of the aristocratic rebel, with our flag floating over the roof, now occupied as the headquarters of General Crawford, all made the scene touching and interesting.

The sword was presented by General Crawford in a happy address, to which General Meade replied in eloquent terms, recounting the glorious history of the Pennsylvania Reserves and his pride in being identified with them. Governor Curtin who was present then addressed the audience, and speeches were subsequently made by others of note.

The sword is an elegant affair, the handle of gold inlaid with diamonds and rubies, with the initials G. G. M. set in diamonds. There are two scabbards, one highly ornamented, the other plain, yet handsome and intended for service. The former bears the names: Mechanicsville, Gainesville, Newmarket Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Bull Run 2d, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg. The other scabbard is inscribed: "Major-General George G. Meade."

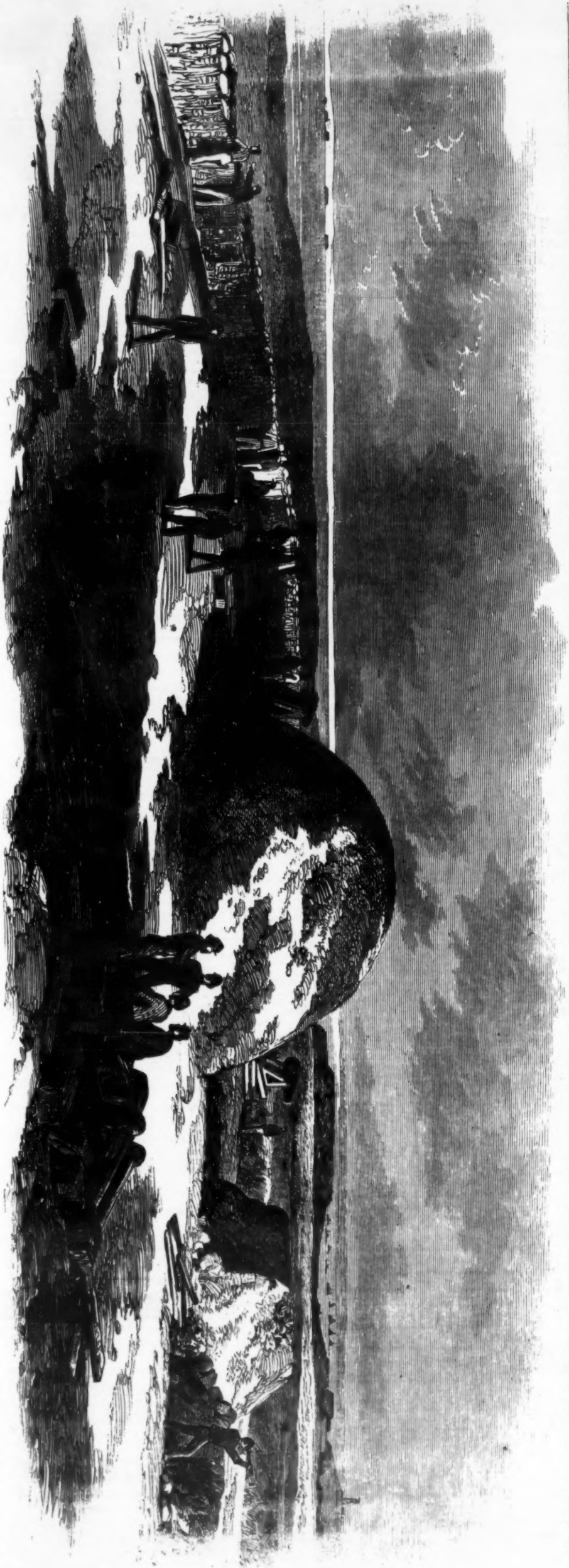
Our sketch shows on the stand General Meade, General Crawford approaching him, Governor Curtin standing behind and General Heintzelman on the right.



EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER CITY OF MADISON AT VICKSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. P. SCHERER.



Bombardment of Fort Moultrie.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON-1. BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE AND THE BATTERIES FEE AND TREATING, BY THE MOUNTAINS AND IRONSIDES, SEPT. 7TH AND 8TH. 2. INTERIOR OF BATTERY GREGG, LOOKING TOWARDS WAGNER. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.

REQUIESCAM.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Give me, when I die,
A grave among the corn and clover;
Let me peaceful lie
In some field, with forests nigh,
Where the blossoms, bending over,
Mingle sigh for sigh,
With ever rustling leaves
Whispering to the rustling sheaves.

Let the tall trees wave
High above my grave,
And strew, each Fall, their treasures o'er
me,
Leaves of gold and brown,
Softly floating down,
Or driven wildly onward when 'tis stormy.

Oh, give me not a tomb—
White, and marble-cold, and dreary—
In the churchyard's gloom!
Rather, when I'm weary,
Let me lie at rest

'Neath the clover, growing fair
In the warm sunshiny air,
With its thready tendrils twining round my
breast.

So, tranquil be my sleep.
When the hazy, slanting beams
Rest on forest, vale, and steep.
Through long Summer afternoons—
Be my slumber still and deep—
Let the new and waning moons
Come, and go, and bring me dreams!

WHY HE WOULDN'T KNOW ME.

He was the first one that I noticed as I came aboard at St. Louis. There was something *distinguished* about the man, at a glance, and to an old river traveller, who has the habit of scanning his fellow-passengers in an instant, and picking out, almost by instinct, his companions for the four or five days trip to New Orleans, this of course was an item. He was rather tall, dark complexion, eyes almost black, and a most unexceptionable dresser, affecting rather the clerical, yet still the clerical as taught by Henry Ward Beecher, bordering somewhat on the fast.

The weather was very hot, and I made it an excuse, as I was mopping my face, to address the gentleman, though I never could rightly understand why, when the weather does not suit us, we should make our neighbors the bearers of our complaints. He did not take eagerly to my offer of conversation, but was rather, as I thought, shy. In fact, I found it troublesome to draw him out, but at last he cast off some little of his reserve and talked. He spoke of the early history of St. Louis, of the Chouteau family, of the first days of the American Fur Company, and of many things connected with the settling of the country, that were deeply interesting, and yet spoke with a quiet deference that showed me he was not talking for display. I was naturally anxious to know who my new made friend was, and as the boat swept round the bend of the river that hid St. Louis from us, I asked the straight question whether he was a native of the city we had left behind. He was not. He was a New-Yorker, by birth, he informed me, but a citizen of the world.

I was beginning to be charmed with my acquaintance, and anxious to know more of him, but in spite of my Yankee proclivities and my knack at asking questions, I could elicit nothing. He was going to New Orleans, that he told, but nothing more, save that when I requested his name he said, "You may call me Goldsmith." I had no absolute fault to find with the name, but really it seemed to me that such a man should have been called De Courcy, or De Mortimore, or Plantagenet, or something in that style.

However, Mr. Goldsmith was a charming companion. He was a deep reader of human nature and of books. I shall never forget the delightful hours when we sat together, or rather lolled, smoking some choice conchas and sipping an Amontillado fit for kings, part of his own private stores, while he read to me the history of those that passed about us, from their faces, interlarding it with scraps of poems and quotations from old English authors. Ah, but he could talk! He had been everywhere and seen everything, and now that he was fairly drawn out did not hesitate to fling the pearls of his experience broadcast.

It was clear to my mind that there was a spice of romance about Mr. Goldsmith that I would have given my little finger to unravel, but the nearest guess that I made to it was that a woman was in the case, and that Mr. Goldsmith had been crossed in love, and was perhaps travelling to drive away the memory. This I concluded chiefly from the fact that he avoided acquaintance with the fairer portion of society on board, and devoted the large share of such unbending to the sterner sex.

Again, I knew that Mr. Goldsmith must be rich, a great charm in the eyes of anybody, by the manner of his action on the occasion of a very unpleasant affair, that for a few hours disturbed the serenity of our passengers. Several "pockets" were picked, among the rest my own and Mr. Goldsmith's. The amount obtained, especially that from one of our passengers, was large. My own loss was considerable, that of Mr. Goldsmith's not very large. From the fact, as he afterward assured me, of his never carrying more in his pocket than enough for current expenses, always putting the balance of his funds in letters of credit and bills of exchange, and depositing them in the captain's safe when he came on board. His funds, he declared, were at my service; just mention the amount I wished and the

captain would cash one of his bills in a moment. I named a moderate sum, but he seemed to think it too small, and by persuasion I was induced to make it larger. The captain cashed one of his bills, and I pocketed the money, not as much as I had lost, but enough for all necessities.

The days went rapidly and pleasantly by, and we were running into New Orleans.

"Where do you stop?" I asked.
"With a friend," was the reply.
"When shall I see you?" I said. "I go to the St. Charles."

"You will not see me again, my friend, after I leave this boat," he said, quietly, looking over toward the approaching city.

I stared at him in astonishment. What did he mean? He meant exactly what he said. There were reasons, vital reasons, why our acquaintance could not continue in New Orleans. How, then, should I return the money I had borrowed? Oh, that was a matter of little consequence, but he would write to me, at the St. Charles, giving his reasons for his conduct, and telling me what to do about the money.

There was no help for it, and so we parted, I wringing his hand with tears struggling to my eyes, and feeling that there must indeed be some terrible mystery about Mr. Goldsmith, when he was obliged to deny himself social solace. I went to the St. Charles fearfully depressed, and waiting, with an aching heart, for the expected letter, felt that my mission was to bring this truly great man back to life, society and happiness.

Next day the letter came. In furious and nervous haste I tore it open and read:

"I am a professional pickpocket!"

I shall never forget the shock. For half a day I argued whether it was not my bounden duty to carry that letter and my power of identification to the Chief of Police, but finally concluded to pay myself with the funds I held to his credit, as far as it would go, and call the matter square.

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY!

A CRY FROM WASHINGTON!

Volunteers, Attention!

WIVES,
MOTHERS
AND
SISTERS,
Whose Husbands, Sons and Brothers are serving in the Army, cannot put into their backpacks a more necessary or valuable gift than a few boxes of

**HOLLOWAY'S
PILLS AND OINTMENT.**

They insure health even under the exposure of a Soldier's life.

Only 25 Cents a Box or Pot.

SOLDIERS' SPECIAL NOTICE!

Do your duty to yourselves!

Protect your Health!

Read the following, just received this day from Washington:

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DEAR SIR—I avail myself of this opportunity to express my gratitude for your kindness in being so prompt in sending me your valuable Pills and Ointment. Hundreds of poor soldiers have been made comfortable and well by the use of your medicines, and they all can testify to their healing powers and capability of giving instant relief. It has, within my own observation, saved many a poor soldier from long sickness and much suffering.

Yours truly,

D. G. VOSE, Washington, D. C.

August 24, 1863.

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417-29

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418



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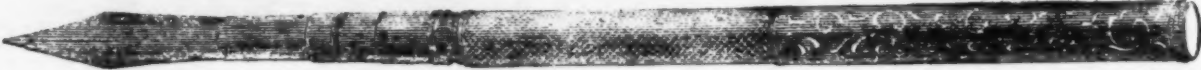
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